

BILUSHIES

NUMBER 26



Warning

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NOT TO BE SOLD TO PERSONS UNDER THE AGE OF 18

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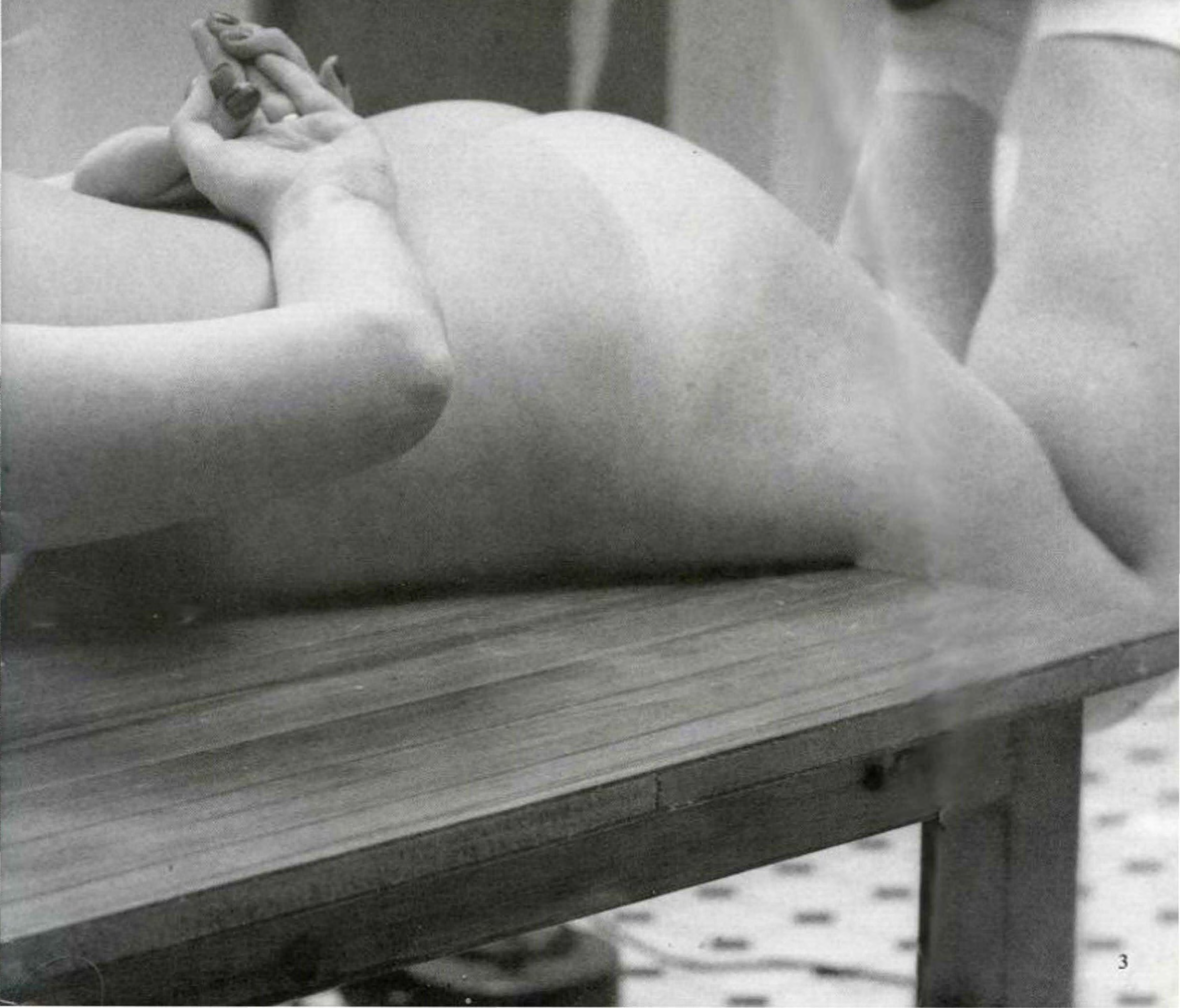
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Cool Waters



Afterwards, he'd sent her upstairs. She'd stumbled her way there, sobbing. Her bottom was glowing hotly from the impact of his palm. The repeated impact. When she'd gone to pick up her little knickers, to regain just an ounce or two of modesty, he'd roughly ordered her to let them lie where they were. Being completely naked like that made her seem all the more vulnerable.

'Don't think that's the end of it!' she had heard him call out as she made her wobbly way up the stairs.

What had he meant by that exactly! Surely he couldn't mean to spank her again! She'd had enough...surely she'd had enough...even though she had to admit that she'd been not only foolish but wicked as well.

Stealing was wicked. It said so in the Bible. On the other hand, someone had once said, all property is theft. So where did one stand? Compared with owning a mansion like this (which amounted to a big theft, did it not?) stealing a diamond ring was quite minor.

Even if she had been capable of pointing this out, he would not have gone along with it. Of that she was quite sure.

'It's not so much the intrinsic worth, Gemma, it's the sentimental value. My wife absolutely treasures that ring.' She could still hear his unctuous voice. It was only because his wife was away that she was there at all. Looking after him. Which meant doing all the chores, as well as cooking, ironing and so on.

Wasn't worthwhile really for what she was being paid. Seemed only natural to try and give herself a little bonus.

She recalled how she had felt when he had found the ring amongst her possessions. All freezing inside, legs jelly-like, head buzzing. How had he known it was there? Had he been spying on her? That was creepy. Perhaps he had some way of peeping secretly into her bedroom. That made her feel sick.

Now she felt sicker than ever, after what had happened.

Unsteadily, she made her way to the bathroom. She could be sick there if she wanted to. But, more important, she could put cool water upon her burning flesh. Oh yes, that would be lovely!

Afternoon sunshine streamed through an open window. It was a lovely Autumn day. Lovely? How absurd! It was an awful, awful day. A day when a man who was a virtual stranger had made her strip herself stark naked...a day when a man had held her helpless over his knees, and then smacked her bottom until she felt her brain must burst with the pain of it. How could that make it a lovely day? She sobbed more loudly as she dipped her hands in the cold water and pressed them to her soft flesh.

For, initially, instead of soothing, it stung even more. She gasped, jerking upright. Hate surged through her. *He* had done this to her! *He* had made her lose every vestige of dignity. *He* had caused her to suffer as she was now doing.

Bitterness flooded her; how unjust the world was! The second application of water was better. But how hot her poor bottom still was!

She thought she heard a footstep in the corridor and turned her head sharply. No...nothing. Just an eerie silence. Once again the idea that he might be

watching her in some secret way came to her. Absurd, really, but the idea persisted. She must get away from this awful place, just as soon as possible. But he had strictly forbidden it.

'You do not leave this house until I give you permission to do so,' he had said. His face was flushed from his exertions, his eyes bright. The horrible beast, she had thought, seeing him looking at her, he enjoyed it. Yes...he *enjoyed* it! He hadn't really done it to punish her for her crime but because he had wanted to smack her bottom. He was a pervert. Another thing, why had he made her strip completely? That had been quite unnecessary. He could have simply made her lift her skirt. No real reason why she should have had to take her flimsy little knickers off. Yet he had insisted that she be naked. She couldn't quite understand now, how she had made herself do as he had said. She must have been knocked off balance by the shock of discovery. A little out of her mind.

Her cold, wet hands pressed again...

Oh how it had hurt! That broad stinging palm falling again and again, nearly always in the same place. She had screamed, she had begged. There had been no response. Just grunts of effort. At first, modesty had made her keep her thighs pressed together. Then, with mounting pain, modesty had flown out of the window. She had kicked and twisted, legs splaying quite uninhibitedly. What did it matter what he saw? All that mattered was that the pain should ease.

She groaned at the utter humiliation of it.

Something she'd never, never forget. It was like acquiring a blemish which would last for a lifetime. Something impossible to eradicate. Whenever she was happy, indeed, whenever she was naked, that memory might come creeping back, to blight the moment of existence.

She came back to the present. That was more important. More urgent. What was going to happen next?

She was still naked. Still in his house. Still in his power. That made her feel weak. I'll run away, she said to herself — no matter what. Going to prison couldn't be worse than this she assured herself, even if a shade uncertainly. But she had no clothes. He had her clothes. Perhaps, even, he'd hidden them by now.

She turned sharply again. This time she was *sure* she had heard a footstep in the corridor. She was aware not only of the nakedness of her glowing buttock cheeks but of their wetness. Oh please...please...no...she was saying to herself. Let me somehow escape from this!

Then he was framed in the bathroom doorway, relaxed in attitude yet eyes intense. 'It is time for you and me to have a little talk, young lady,' he said softly. She froze inside, yet she was hot outside, all over her flesh. That awful weakness again. 'No...no more...no...what are you...g-going to do?' Her voice seemed to her as if it were coming from far away.

The intensity in his eyes was now quite frightening. Those eyes seemed to be boring right through her. 'What I am going to do depends entirely on you, my girl.' A finger beckoned...

EXERCISES WITH THE REVEREND BROWN

I'm ready.' A young girl in navy netball skirt and white blouse stood in the doorway to the office. The receptionist looked up from her typewriter. 'Right. The Reverend Brown is ready for you; but you won't need that skirt; it's a house-rule.' The girl looked a little embarrassed. 'I'm sorry...It's my old school games kit. I thought...' The middle-aged woman stood up and shook her head. 'Well, here, we find such heavy garments tend to get in the way. After all, netball skirts are usually for outdoor use, aren't they?' Pamela was about to explain that her top and skirt were the only items of sportswear she possessed. 'Just slip it off. You'll do fine in just your blouse and knickers.'

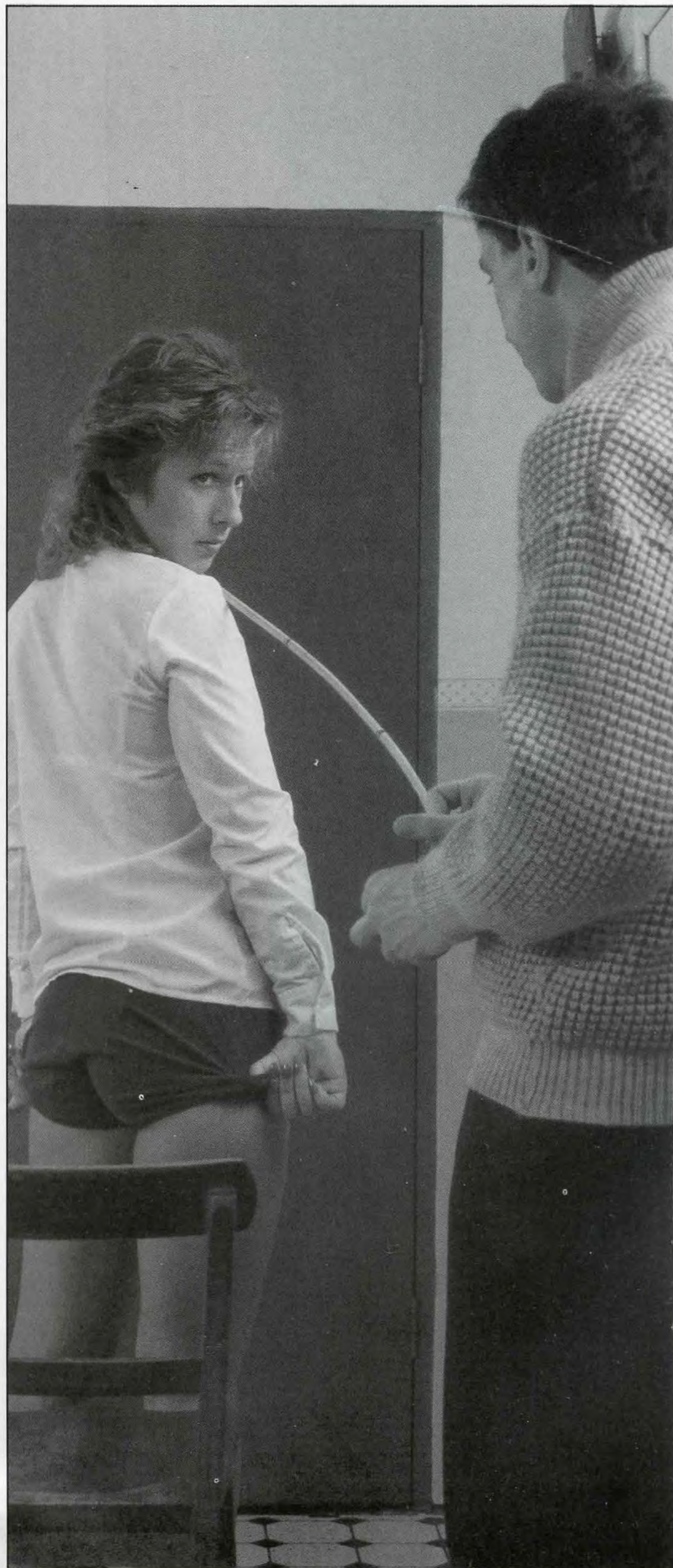
To Pamela the words 'Blouse and knickers', had rather a nostalgic ring to them. She was 18 now, but it didn't seem too long ago that she could have been seen on the sportsfield of her old school doing her physical exercises in just that sort of outfit. Still, this was a professional establishment. The Reverend had seen many of his girls progress to national status in various branches of athletics, and her parents were paying dearly for his services.

At that moment another girl appeared, taller than Pamela but about her age, and a sideways glance confirmed that she too wore the 'uniform' of the establishment, a thin aertex blouse and navy knickers. 'You're late!' The middle-aged woman was brusque. 'Please wait in the changing room, Teresa.' The girl, looking a little flustered, disappeared through the door as directed.

'Make your way through the gym, and knock on the door at the far end. The Reverend is waiting. And you can leave your skirt with me.' The receptionist held out her hand, and Pamela took off the short navy garment, handing it over to the older woman. The gym was a long narrow room with sets of costly and complicated exercise apparatus lined up along its longer walls. It was quiet and empty, the public session still being some hours away. Her rubber-soled shoes squeaked as she walked on the parquet floor. The door at the far end was marked 'Private'. She knocked and waited.

It was a moment or so before the Reverend opened the door and ushered the girl inside. Nervously and politely she stepped into the room, and he closed the door behind her. An ex-storeroom, it seemed, with one or two sets of apparatus, together with a large empty desk and a swivel chair into which the man descended. 'Miss Pamela Hodge?' She nodded and decided to smile coyly at this rather tall and distinguished man. He opened a binder on the desk in front of him and read silently for a moment. 'Good. We shall begin!'

He stood up again and walked around the side of his desk, bringing the binder with him. 'The secret of this course is gradual progression. We intend you to learn no more than two specific exercises each week, and these have been designed especially to help you learn them quickly.' She thought she ought to respond politely, so Pamela nodded again and repeated the smile. He seemed to ignore her efforts to soften the atmosphere. Perhaps he preferred to remain detached in his tuition, she thought.





'We start with general posture, the way in which we want you to stand at the beginning and at the end of every exercise.' He pointed to a circle marked out on the floor, with two straps hooping up from the floor in the middle. 'Please place your feet under these straps, Pamela.' Anxious to please, the girl skipped forward, sliding her toes under the straps. They gripped her shoes firmly. 'Posture is related to balance, Pamela. Now, please reach up, raising your hands and arms as high above your head as possible, looking forward.' She did as directed, stretching high, her blouse parting company with her knickers.

'Now hold your breath for the count of three...One...two...three...And now relax.' He walked round her, studying her figure, the moderate swell of her breasts, and the more noticeable swell of her bottom curves. 'And again, but this time, keep your arms outstretched, and bring them down, level with your shoulders, and then down to touch your feet.'

This proved more difficult. She certainly needed some training. She nearly over-balanced, but just managed to correct herself. 'Good.' The man was still studying her form, making a note or two in her file. 'Now; I have another pupil to attend to, so I want you to continue with this exercise for the next ten minutes, taking care particularly that you keep your body straight, regardless of the position of your arms. Keep your bottom in exactly the same position as you reach up, or bend down.'

He left, closing the door with a soft click. Pamela did nothing for a few seconds but then thought she ought to do as she had been told. She stretched up high again, wobbling slightly, then lowered her arms until they were level with her shoulders, and then bent forward to touch her toes. She fell forward again, and put her hand out to stop herself. She tried again and again.

The ten minutes passed quickly, and the man returned, the door opening again with a soft metallic click. 'Success?' He asked.

'Yes — I think so —' She tried to look enthusiastic, though her thigh muscles were beginning to ache.

'Let's see how successful, then.' said the man, wheeling from the side of the room a framework of stainless steel tubes and springs, which he placed directly behind her, about three feet away. She saw him make some adjustments, and attach two cables to some points on the floor.

'This piece of equipment will correct your posture, Pamela.' he explained. The dark circle around you is pressure-sensitive, which means that if you touch it by over-balancing, a signal is sent to this framework behind you.'

It sounded very technical. The Reverend walked back to his desk, sat down and looked up at the teenager, still standing inside the circle. Unnoticed by the girl the apparatus behind her included a thin nylon cane, springy and whippy, which he had adjusted to exactly the level of the midpoint of her knickered bottom. For the time being it was held back, under tension, by a set of wires and rods.

'Right. Let's see if you've progressed. Stand upright, take a deep breath, and raise your arms above your head.' She did exactly as instructed, trying hard to please. 'Now bring your arms down.' Down they came, level with her shoulders, and then lower, as she bent forward to touch her toes. She over-balanced, toppling forward, and automatically tried to save herself. Her hands touched the dark circle. There was a loud buzzing sound, and a slight metallic clink. A relay released the nylon wand, which whistled through the air in a 90 degree arc, arriving firmly across her tautly-stretched knickers.

'Aaagh!' For a second Pamela was unable to imagine what had happened. Shaken, she stood up, twisting round to look again at the mechanism.

'Some practise still needed,' commented the Reverend,



as he reset his patent apparatus. 'Let's try again.'

Suddenly Pamela was frightened. All at once she realised why her college and her parents had been so eager for her to undergo these sessions. She remembered her Principal and a discussion they had had, in which she had mentioned 'discipline' in all its forms. But there was nothing she could do, except to try again. She stretched up once more, and this time lowered her arms slowly, bending carefully, checking her posture and balance inch by inch, her muscles aching with the unnatural strain. She thought she had succeeded, but no, she tilted forward. Her hands fell flat against the dark circle.

Another metallic clink, a tell-tale whistle, and the cane cracked again, right across her bottom, in exactly the same place as before. She yelled, the pain biting across both cheeks, and she rubbed her knickers frantically, attempting to ease the pain.

Perhaps next time, then,' said the Reverend, as he reset the apparatus for a third time, and again sat down.

'It's early days as yet. Some girls take dozens of attempts to get it right, you know —'

* * * *

It was with considerable forboding that young Pamela returned, one week later, to the Reverend's gymnasium. It had taken the best part of three days for the cane marks to fade, to say nothing of the stinging pain that accompanied her home on the bus after that first frightening visit. The Reverend had been on the phone too, to her father.

'He says you did very well for your first attempt.' Pamela wondered what else he had said. 'He's given you a first class mark in your personal file, as well.' Pamela pouted ruefully, still suffering from the several first class marks across her bottom.

The week had passed all too quickly, and each night, in the privacy of her bedroom, she had practised the exercise she had been taught, determined not to suffer again.





The day came, and immediately after college she reported, in blouse and knickers, to the Reverend's receptionist. She was ushered, as before, into his private room at the far end of the building. This week, however, she was not on her own.

The new girl's name was Clare, a small slim blonde with a lithe, strong young body which hardly required any remedial attention. Pamela's attention however was directed to another girl whom she had seen but briefly on her previous visit, who was standing smartly to attention with her back to the wall. To Pamela's astonishment, she was wearing no knickers; apart from a short white tee-shirt which hardly covered her waist, the girl was naked! Pamela could feel herself blushing as she tried not to stare at the girl and her dark brown bush so blatantly on display.

'Good afternoon, girls.' The Reverend had arrived; he closed the door behind him and smiled at the three teenagers waiting in line. 'I don't normally instruct in groups, but I felt that you three could well help each other for just this week.'

He seated himself behind his smooth tidy desk and opened each of the three files before him, checking names, glancing up occasionally at the three nervous girls. He introduced Clare, the little blonde, who seemed already to be on the verge of tears, dressed only in a pretty cotton blouse, buttoned up to the neck, and a brief pair of pale blue knickers through which more than a hint of a neat pubic triangle could be seen.

'Pamela. As a beginning I would like you to demonstrate the first exercise to our new recruit; and then you can watch as Teresa demonstrates the second exercise for your benefit.' He pointed to the dark circle on the floor, the two other girls shuffling back to the edge of the room. Looking pale, though her bottom was feeling hot and twitchy, especially when the Reverend wheeled his dreaded mechanical contraption into place, Pamela tucked her feet under the tight leather straps fixed to the floor in the centre of the circle, glanced anxiously at the three observers, and with the greatest reluctance, began the exercise. Taking a deep breath she reached up with her hands and arms, lifting them high above her head. She straightened her body, tucking her tummy in, attempting also to pull in her curvy round bottom. Then slowly, controlling each inch of movement, she lowered her arms, further and further, until she bent forward, every muscle in her body taut, adjusting her balance until her fingers touched the tips of her shoes. Then up again until she was, once again, standing to attention. The relief was almost unbearable. She felt a tear trickle down one cheek as she looked to her tutor for approval. The Reverend grinned. 'Well done, young lady. I can see you've been practising. An excellent demonstration.'

The little blonde took her place in the circle, some of her confidence perhaps restored. Pamela had made that exercise look reasonably easy; perhaps all those stories she had heard about the Reverend were untrue after all.

Pamela actually felt a little sorry for her, standing there so innocently as the Reverend adjusted the height of his bum-caning contraption.

'You two into the main gym, please.' Pamela and Teresa were ushered out, leaving Clare to do her ten minutes practice. 'She'll need it, poor girl.' thought Pamela, unaware of the nature of Exercise No. 2. She was walking behind Teresa, watching her bottom wobbling a little as the two girls kept up with the man's brisk steps. It was just so shocking, to see a big grown-up girl undressed like that, in the presence of a strange middle-aged man, that Pamela just couldn't really believe her eyes.

The two girls were led to a familiar piece of keep-fit equipment, a stationary bicycle, with handlebars and pedals. Standard enough, except that the thing was upside-

down, the pedals placed very high, several feet above the padded bench on which you were intended to sit.

'This, Pamela, is Exercise Number Two, in which no-one fails. It is, after all, as simple as riding a bike; Teresa here will demonstrate the technique for you.'

Speechless, Pamela watched as the tall girl climbed onto the padded bench and lay down on her back, gripping two rigid handlebars situated just above her head; but it wasn't that end of the equipment which demanded Pamela's attention, for at the other end Teresa had lifted her long bare legs right up, slipping her feet inside the buckles on the pedals. With her legs so raised, her thighs were bent almost at right angles to the rest of her body. There was nothing hidden! Pamela was appalled. In that position, there was virtually nothing that she, and of course that dreadful man, couldn't see.

Teresa began to pedal, stretching first one long leg and then the other, her body rocking gently from side to side with the exertion, her teeth gritted, and her knuckles

whitened around the handlebars as her muscles fought to overcome the artificial drag of the machine. Pamela looked at the other girl's straining face but her eyes were drawn again, down the girl's body, to that secret area between her legs, and to what was being revealed with each revolution of the pedals.

The man tapped the tubular steel assembly, indicating that Teresa should stop. The girl dropped her legs, panting quietly. 'And that's all there is to it, Pamela!' he said, with a tight smile across his face. 'I want you to practice whilst I introduce Teresa to Exercise 3.'

Teresa was escorted through a side door in the long wall of the gymnasium, leaving Pamela on her own to master the new equipment. It did seem easier than before, she was forced to concede. At least there was no question of failing, as with that dreadful posture exercise last week. She climbed carefully onto the bench, gripped the handlebars, and found the pedals with her feet, finding them so high off the ground that her thighs were vertical





to the rest of her body as her feet slipped into the buckles. She began to pedal, finding it easier than she had anticipated but also finding that she had to stretch each leg as she reached the far end of the pedal's stroke. She relaxed for a moment, brushing the hair away from her face, and tried again.

Ten minutes later, the Reverend returned, and watched her as she pedalled, her eyes closed, unaware of his quiet return. When she noticed his presence, he smiled down at her patronisingly.

'Let's see how you rate, then,' he suggested, adjusting some bars just above her head. 'This is a stopwatch, placed where you can see it. Now, all you have to do is to keep pedalling for two minutes. Shall we have a try?' He didn't wait for an answer; he pressed the button on the top of the dial and the second hand began to twitch round. Pamela began to pedal, again eager to please, remembering the penalties of the previous week. The machine seemed heavier than before, though perhaps that was because she was beginning to tire.

The first thirty seconds seemed easy enough, but then her calf and thigh muscles began to ache with the extra and unaccustomed strain. She found herself clutching the handlebars ever more tightly, closing her eyes, picturing in her mind's eye the turning of the pedals, counting each revolution to herself, listening to the persistent ticking of the clock above her.

She opened her eyes, checking the clock. Just under a minute to go. She was tiring quickly now, and deliberately slowed up, concentrating now on just keeping the wheels turning, no matter how slowly. She pressed her shoulders and her back hard down against the padded bench, breathed deeply and squeezed her eyes shut. Each revolution was an ordeal, forcing a soft moan from the girl as each aching leg reached the furthestmost point of its movement. Still more than half a minute to go. She gripped the handlebars yet more tightly, but she was faltering. The pedals stopped, the sweat pouring down her face, and her arms and her legs.

With her eyes still closed, she heard a faint but familiar metallic clink, and the unmistakable noise of a long thin object travelling at speed through the air. A split-second later she heard the splat as the cane impacted against her taut, sweat-damp knickers. For some reason she remained clutching the handlebars as the tears splashed down, her upturned bottom still squirming from the stroke of the cane.

The Reverend helped her to her feet. 'Posture,' he reminded her. She forced herself to attention, her face burning, her bottom still stinging. 'One minute and thirty two seconds,' reported the man, reading the point at which the machine had stopped. 'Not bad at all for a first attempt.' He re-adjusted the equipment, casually, seemingly unimpressed by the girl's occasional sobs. 'But now it's time to remind you about the underlying reason for attending this course.' Pamela really didn't want to hear. 'The reason is 'Discipline' with a capital 'D'.' The Reverend continued. 'Something about which you are going to learn.' Pamela was finding it hard to follow his convoluted patterns of speech. 'This week, just like last week, you are going to remain here until you pass this Exercise. There are two different pass marks, each designed to teach you a certain lesson. You may choose which sort of lesson you wish to learn today.'

The teenager tried to dismiss the stinging of her bottom, and the aching of her limbs, and listened carefully to the Reverend's words. The target she would have to achieve was three minutes continued pedalling. If she failed, the cane would be released, to whistle down once more across her up-turned bottom. The exercise would be repeated until she succeeded, despite the fact that each attempt would tire her more. 'But there is an alternative target, providing you are willing to accept your true posi-

tion in relation to those who are attempting to educate you...' She just wished he would talk more simply. 'If you choose to undergo the exercise without your knickers, the target time will be halved.'

Poor Pamela was lost for words as she tried to reason her way around the dilemma. To take her knickers down in front of this man, in front of any man, was just too awful to contemplate; but so too was that dreadful cane. There was no way she could hold out for three minutes on that machine, and he would make her go on trying again and again. Last week it had taken eight strokes before she'd got that exercise right. She looked at the dial. She had already achieved just over one and a half minutes, so the second target was within her capabilities. Blushing profusely, she spoke —

'I'll...I'll take my...knickers off...' She turned away from his gaze, and slipped the damp little pants down her legs, stooping to drag them hastily off her feet.

Pointless, of course, that modest turning away, as she realised as she scrambled back up onto the still-warm bench, feeling the dampness of her perspiration still on the bench. With eyes tightly closed, and feeling humiliated and ridiculous, she raised her legs, seeking the pedals, well aware that her bare bottom, her fleshy thighs, and every aspect of that secret crevice between her legs was now on view to the Reverend.

'Are you ready?' he asked. She nodded faintly. 'Right. You may start...now.' He started the clock. Its ticking seemed so loud. She began to pedal, slowly, conserving her energy, attempting to save as much as possible for the end of the ordeal. She tried, but the pedals seemed so heavy, and her muscles were aching badly. At just after one minute, the wheels stopped.

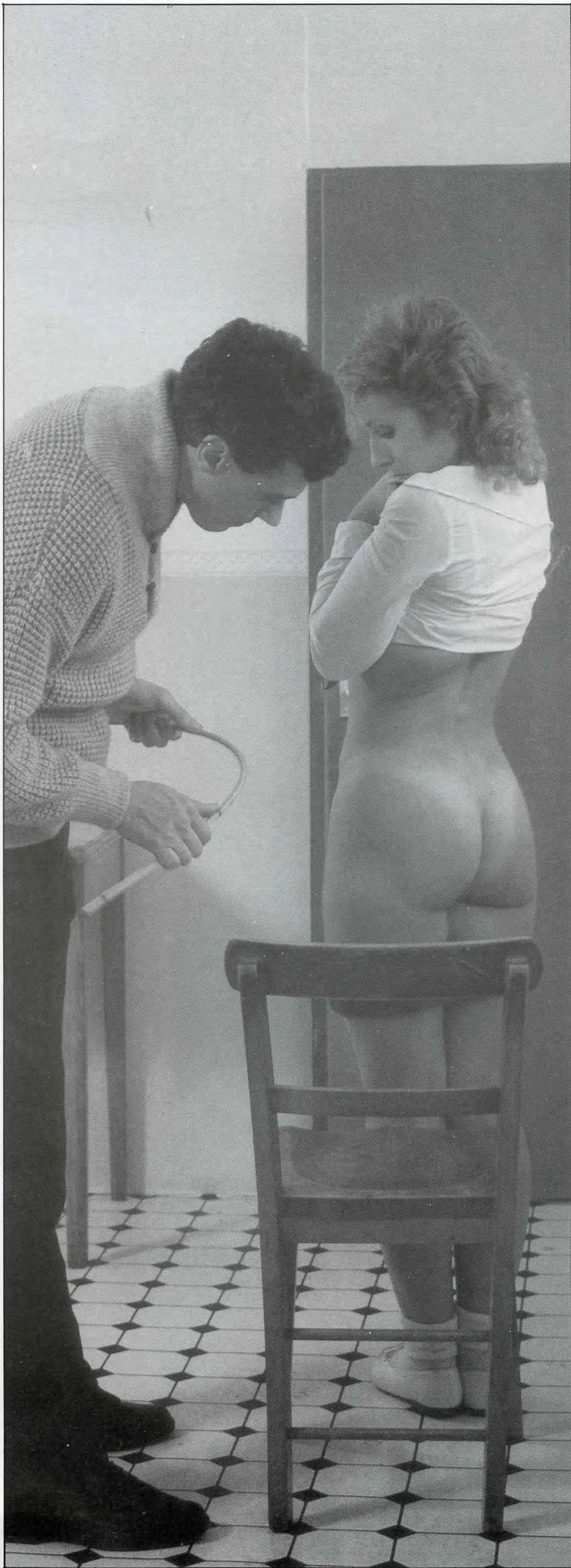
Pamela had just enough time to flinch before the cane swished through the air, landing straight across the fleshiest part of her lower bottom cheeks with a loud 'Splaatt!' She squealed. Her flimsy knickers had, after all, offered some meagre protection; this was even worse than the first one! The tears came again. In the position she was in she couldn't even reach her bottom, to massage it with her hands. Somehow, she was aware of the Reverend making an adjustment to the wires and levers. Then he was leaning over her, re-setting the clock, and telling her to start again. Perhaps she hadn't heard him, the pain having distracted her, because although the clock had started its slow pedantic path, the pedals had not begun to move. The wicked pliable cane was released for a third time, landing emphatically across her bottom just above the last two strokes, almost at the junction of her bottom curves and her thighs. She released a piercing scream, her feet waving in the air, seeking to find some imaginary set of pedals.

'I can't do it.' she wept. 'I can't, I can't...' The Reverend responded firmly. 'You can, and you will; and all that yelling will only serve to tire you.' He left her alone for a few moments to get over her weeping, and walked to the end of the gymnasium, to check on his latest recruit. Young Clare had already sampled the sting of the cane across her pale blue panties, and she was still getting it wrong.

Brusquely he ordered the girl to 'Take a ten minute break, then you can try again.' Over his shoulder he called to Pamela, who struggled off the bicycling machine still tearful. He would have to give the girl an old-fashioned taste of the cane to ginger her up, then she could go back on the bicycle.

Pamela was stepping back into her knickers as she followed him into the little room. Never mind, he'd soon have them down again.

'Bend over that chair, Pamela!' A good, old-fashioned cane made an experimental swoop through the air, then tap-tapped against Pamela's knickers. 'Oh, and I think we'll have these down, my girl —'



WHAT KIND OF WORD IS THAT?



'Oooo?' Mild sarcasm in his tone. 'How d'you mean, "oooo"? What kind of word is that?'

Well, what could a girl say? "Oooo!" was what you said when those first playful little smacks cupped up under your bottom on bare skin, sizing you up, feeling the bounce in your bum, the nervousness of the cheeks as they flinched in anticipation of what was to come.

'Hmm?' Several more lively little spans, to ginger her up, to make her shivery-legged and short-breathed.

'D-don't know —' she clasps her hands tightly together behind her back.

'Don't know? Should have thought about "oooo"

before, shouldn't you? Wouldn't be in the trouble you are in, eh?'

'Yes—' Chilled tits pressing against the table top. Shoes scraping on the gritty floor as she is made to widen her legs a fraction more, his hand hinting against the inside of the very top of a thigh, a cold draught from the broken window pane in the storeroom door.

'I-I mean, no —'

'Don't know *what* you mean, do you miss. Eh?' The first real spank smacks solidly across a chubby buttock.

"Oooo!" There she goes again...

OLD PARKY

His real name Pam found out was Gates, Mr Gates, but he was invariably known as Old Parky to the other teenagers in the area. Old Parky because he was the park-keeper at the local Victoria Park, responsible, with assistance at time, for keeping it in reasonable order: the lawns and flower beds and gravel paths; responsible also for the public tennis courts that were to be found in one corner of the Park. And responsible as well for preventing deprecations, vandalism, by teenage youths.

In those days, the early 1950s, there was nothing really vicious in the way of vandalism, not in the neighbourhood of Victoria Park at least because it wasn't a vicious area. But the local teenagers did do things, mostly of course to annoy Old Parky. Lifting out his bedding plants for instance after he had planted them and placing them on the lawn; or coating the door handle on his shed with axle grease. Such things were regarded as great sport; especially so if they were done when Old Parky wasn't too far away so that there was an added sense of daring and excitement.

Old Parky knew very well who perpetrated these acts because there was just the one group of local kids. Five of them: three boys and two girls. Though now of course there would be six, now that Pam Sadley had come to live two streets away from Victoria Park.

Pam was very soon appraised of the great adventures to be had in the Park, and she was not impressed. What was the point of doing things like that? Pam, 18 and a pretty blonde had been in the Rangers in the town she had just moved from and the Rangers did not approve of that sort of anarchic behaviour.

'You're scared I suppose. A scaredy-cat.' The speaker was one of the boys, Keith Marshall, 19, tall and dark with mocking eyes. 'Scared Old Parky'll catch you!'

They were in the very site of all this adventure, Victoria Park itself, seated innocently enough on one of the benches. Pam and Sue and Cynthia and Keith and Joe. The other boy in the group, Peter, was off somewhere. A sunny Saturday morning, Pam's first Saturday there. Colouring at Keith's taunt, Pam said she wasn't scared but what was the point?

'Sport,' retorted Keith. 'Old Parky's a good sport. Anyway if you're fit and in good shape he won't catch you.' He gave a little laugh. 'He's caught Sue, though. Hasn't he, Susan dear?'

Sue, also blonde and 18, coloured slightly in turn and told Keith to shut up. He and Joe laughed. 'Tell Pam what he did, Sue,' said Joe.

Sue turned bright red. 'Shut up, pig.' To Pam she said, 'Old Parky's a dirty old bastard.'

What did that mean? What had Old Parky done? But anyway, Pam thought. they were clearly asking for trouble if



they spent their time deliberately annoying him and ruining his work. Another thing was that she would like to play tennis. None of the others played and had poured scorn on the idea when Pam mentioned it. You had to go and see Old Parky to play of course. As they had made him their sworn enemy that obviously created problems.

Just then as they sat there the man himself appeared. Old Parky, lord of this domain, coming round the corner of the path pushing a barrow. After some hurried discussion it was decided that they would sit there and brazen it out. 'We haven't done anything,' Keith said. That was true, at least as regards the very recent past.

It was Pam's first sight of him. Oldish, late 40's early 50's perhaps, it was hard to tell with his weather-beaten face and

farmer-like beard. He came towards them at a steady pace and Pam could see the two girls at least were getting very nervous. He stopped when he reached the bench. A grim expression. Gimlet eyes surveying them.

'OK, what're you lot doing? Or planning?'

'Nothing,' said Keith boldly. 'Sitting here. It's a public park you know.'

'For law-abiding citizens it is, not for you lot.' His eyes lighted on Sue. 'What about you, blondie. Want another dose of what you got before?'

She went bright red again but didn't answer. Old Parky cackled. 'Oh yes I knows 'ow to deal with young girls who're looking for trouble.' Another cackle. 'Pink 'uns you 'ad on then if I remember.' He turned his attention to Pam.

'What's this then? I don't recognise this

one. New are you?'

Pam said a nervous Yes.

He leaned towards her, scowling. 'Well if you're running around with this lot you'll be in for a bit of trouble. I'm 'aving a good look so's I recognise you next time.' He picked up the handles of his barrow.

'If you want to know what you'll get ask that blondie. And don't think I won't do it, cos I will.'

'*Bastard!*' breathed Sue as he moved on.

'What did he do?' asked Pam in a half whisper. 'Nothing,' muttered Sue.

'Took down her knickers and smacked her bare bum,' said Joe obligingly. 'I don't know why you *let* him.'

'What choice did I have?' hissed Sue, blushing at the memory. 'He was going to take me round to the police station.



And *you* were the one who let his tyres down.'

* * * *

That made Pam even more certain she didn't want to get involved in any 'sport' with Old Parky. Later on Cynthia excitedly filled in a few details when just the two of them were together. It was all right for Keith and Joe because they could run faster and in any case it seemed that Old Parky went after the girls and not the boys. Maybe because he had more chance of catching them and maybe also because it was girls he wanted to catch.

'He almost caught me a couple of times,' Cynthia said shivering with excitement. 'Did he really do...*that*...to Sue?' queried Pam.

'Yes. Caught her and marched her back to his hut. And then just did it. Sat down and pulled her over his lap. Pulled her skirt up and *got her knickers down*.' Cynthia's eyes were shining, almost as if she relished the thought. She did in fact relish the idea of it happening to Sue.

The thought didn't excite Pam as much as make her feel scared and sick. 'So why do you do those things?'

Cynthia made a face. 'Oh well, it is really exciting, Pam.' She grinned. 'Last time when he nearly caught me I almost wet my pants. And there're the boys. They're *really* keen on it.'

Pam thought she'd rather not go around with the boys if it meant this sort of thing. There was also the tennis. She really wanted to play and if this lot weren't interested she could always get another friend from college. It did mean she'd have to see Old Parky though.

The next week, Monday, after tea. The others were going to the pictures so Pam decided it was an ideal opportunity — if she could pluck up the courage. She walked through the park, not very fast, not at all keen to get to the hut on the far side. She told herself not to be silly, she had nothing to be frightened of. She hadn't done anything. Nonetheless...

She made herself knock at the door, almost hoping he wouldn't be in. And for some little time there was no response. Then the door opened.

The sharp brown eyes recognised her. Pam shivered. She stammered something about tennis. His eyes went down from her face to her bust. She was wearing a thin cotton blouse, quite tight, with shorts that showed off the shape of her firm bottom. She would have worn a jacket but it was a warm evening. She remembered what Sue had said: Old Parky's a dirty old bastard. And there was what he had done...

He was inviting her in. She didn't want to but...He closed the door after her. Pam did her best to control a surge of panic. A bench along one wall, a wooden chair and an old armchair. Sitting in one of those chairs he had...some tools and

things at the other end. Old Parky was close, smelling unpleasantly of tobacco.

'Tennis? You lot ain't interested in tennis.'

'Yes, I am.' Her voice squeaky with nervousness. 'I want to play. I want to book a court.'

He didn't answer that. 'New, are you?' Old Parky had asked that before. Pam said Yes.

He took hold of her arm. 'You want to watch out with that lot of delinquents. They're always looking for trouble. And when I catches a girl I make sure she gets it.' Old Parky was pinching her arm. 'Did that blondie say what I did to 'er?'

A squeaked 'Yes'. He really scared her and close up the tobacco smell made her feel sick.

'I took 'er knickers down and smacked 'er bum. She didn't like it at all. She wriggled that pretty bum around like a little eel but I 'ad a real good 'old of 'er. It was no more'n she deserved. 'Ow'd you like that, my girl? 'Ow would *you* like your knickers taken down?'

Pam was shaking like a leaf. 'Eh?' He pulled her round, facing him.

'Let me go!' she squealed. 'I haven't done anything.' She was close up against him. One of his hands round her waist and the other...she yelped as it grabbed her bottom. Grabbed hold of one cheek of her bottom through the thin skirt.

'I could 'av these little knicks down in no time flat!'

Pam struggled and yelped. Eventually he let her go. She was almost speechless. 'I...I'll tell on you,' she finally gasped.

Old Parky only grunted. 'Tell what? I 'aven't done anything. Only gave your bum a bit of a feel. An' everyone knows what you kids are like. Running wild an' acting like wild animals. I wouldn't advise you to try anything on me, my girl.'

Finally he agreed to book a court for her for the next evening. Pam paid her shilling, still able to feel that groping hand on her bottom. It certainly now seemed that Old Parky was something of a Dirty Old Man regardless of the fact that the others played him up. She shivered at the thought of being caught by him. His hand was at Pam's bottom again before she got out of the hut. She should report him, but...he would only say she made it up.

* * * *

'I think she's toffee-nosed and a scaredy-cat.'

It was Keith again; the ringleader of the group. Keith of the dark, mocking eyes whom the other two girls thought was really marvellous. Pam didn't really like him.

They were in Cynthia's garden. Pam had had her game of tennis and that was why Keith was calling her toffee-nosed. Just because the rest of them didn't play he had to mock it and of course the others

followed suit. Typical, thought Pam. She was being called a scaredy-cat because she didn't want to go on an escapade to the Park. Keith had a key which he said fitted Old Parky's hut.

Keith said, 'I don't know that we want scaredy-cats and toffee-noses with us.'

Pam bit her lip. She really didn't want to do any of those things, it was stupid and also the thought of Old Parky made her tremble with fright. But...she also didn't want to be an outcast. There was no one else of her age in that immediate area. Finally she asked what they were planning to do.

'Nothing really criminal,' said Keith. 'Just go in his place and leave a message. *Old Parky is a nutter*, or something. And then come out and lock the door again. He'll really go bonkers.'

Pam could imagine he would. She didn't want to have any part of it but on the other hand...Look...OK. I'll come this once.' Pam felt sick but she made herself say it.

Keith's eyes lit up. 'Great! We'll do it right after tea. Old Parky'll be off then having his tea, he always is. Boy, he'll go berserk!'

They assembled right after tea at Keith's. En route for the Park he said that as it was Pam's first time she had to prove herself. So she would be the one to go in Old Parky's hut. 'No!' she gasped but everyone else agreed with Keith. Pam felt a panicky urge to turn round and go home. She *should* have done that. But she didn't. They walked on, the others, especially Sue and Cynthia, bubbling over with excitement.

All too soon they were there. Old Parky's hut tucked away in that secluded corner behind the yew trees. It looked deserted but what if he *was* in there...or lurking about?

'He won't be, he's having his tea. He always is at this time.' Keith sounded quite sure. '*I can't do it!*' Pam shrilled.

Keith took the key out of his pocket. 'Don't be chicken. We all had to have a test like this. Sue and Cynthia both did.' The other two girls nodded eagerly.

'And don't worry we'll be keeping watch,' said Joe.

Keith put the key in the lock. It did fit. The door opened. And the hut *was* empty. 'Go on,' urged Keith and gave Pam a push.

She stumbled in...and looked fearfully around. Then she heard the door closing behind her. The lock clicking. She rushed back to the door.

Keith's voice from outside. 'You've got to stay in there for five minutes. That's the test. Don't worry, he won't come.'

She yelled out to them but they didn't answer. There was no sound. They had gone away.

Pam didn't know how long she was in there. It seemed like forever and it had to be more than five minutes. At first she thought she was going to go out of her mind with panic but then she managed



to calm herself down just a bit. They *couldn't* leave her there, it was only a test — or a little joke. She didn't actually write anything, that went completely out of her head.

At last sounds outside. The sound of the lock. But no voices. The door opened. It was Old Parky.

He was more shocked than Pam and if she had been smart she could probably have darted out and escaped. But she wasn't quick enough to think of that. Getting over his shock Old Parky carefully shut the door.

'They locked me in here,' she yelped.

Old Parky grabbed her, making excited grunting sounds. 'Breaking and entering, my girl. I can 'ave you up before the magistrates for this.'

He pushed her up against the wall, and got both his hands on her tits through Pam's thin blouse. She squawked and struggled but couldn't get his hands off.

'Want that do you, my girl? Want me to take you round to the police station?' One hand left her tits and went down the front of her shorts, grabbing her between her legs. Another desperate yelp and renewed frantic struggles but he was much too strong.

'Cos if you don't want that I got to 'ave these knickers down. Like I warned you. That's the only thing you young girls understand.'

He then took her outside and sat heavily down on a bench. And then he pulled Pam over his lap like Cynthia had said he had done to Sue. Dragging her shorts and knickers down. His hand shockingly on her bare bottom. Groping. And then smacking hard down.

Pam was convinced he had brought her outside to humiliate her more, as she, and obviously Old Parky, had both thought there was a good chance that everyone would be watching.

* * * *

It had been the boys' idea, Cynthia told her afterwards. They thought she was too uppity, partly because of the tennis. She and Sue hadn't wanted them to do it, so Cynthia said. 'Really we didn't. Honest, Pam.'

But Cynthia's shining eyes told how excited she was by it. And naturally she was all agog to know what Old Parky had done. At first Pam refused to talk but you couldn't not talk to anyone and she certainly wasn't going to speak to the boys. Cynthia wanted to know about the spanking of course, even though that part had been observed, Old Parky had then taken Pam back into the hut...unobserved.

Cynthia kept prodding, wanting to know what else. *'Any you know.'*

Pam said No. She wasn't going to tell about that. Although he *had* done it. She wondered about Sue. Had he done it to her?



'What shall I wear?' wailed Tracy, the excitement almost too much. 'Just keep calm,' her mother counselled. 'There's no panic. He wants to see you in your ordinary clothes first of all. But come straight home so I can brush your hair and see you're looking nice.'

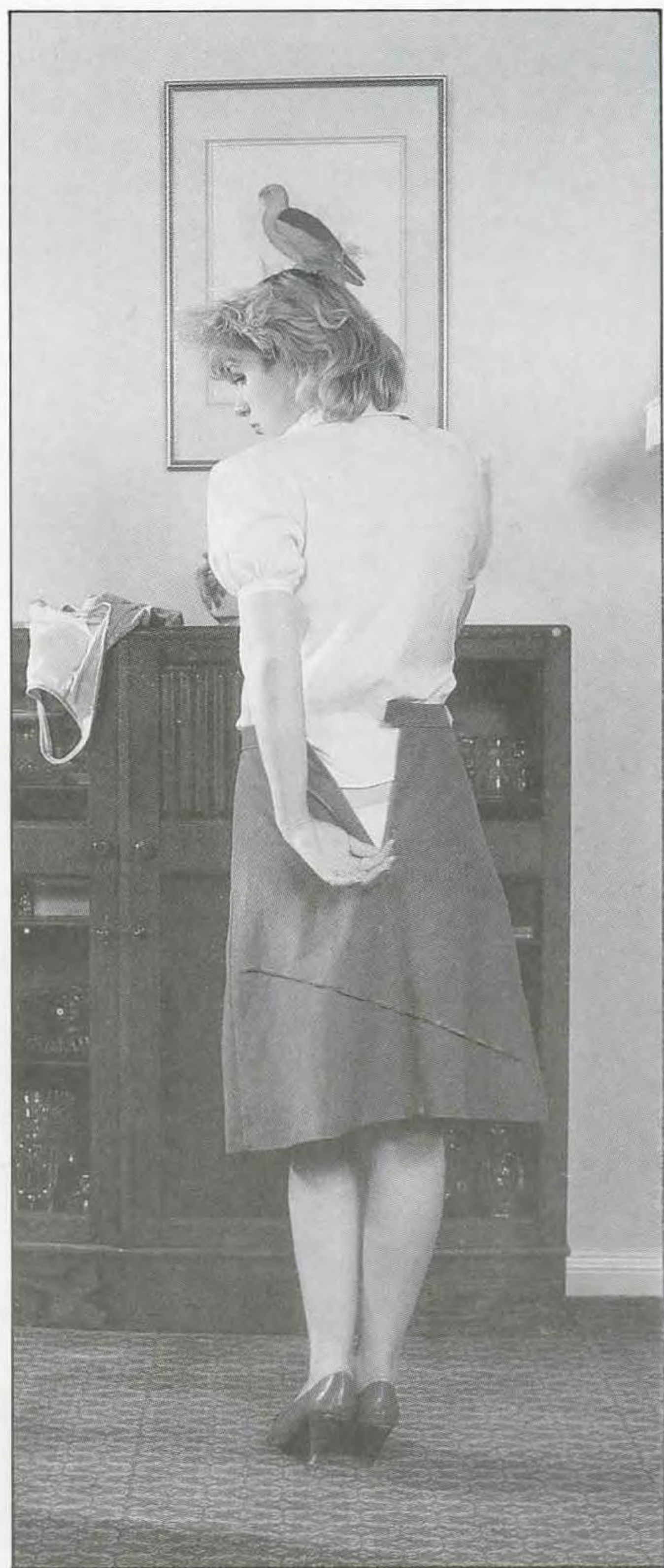
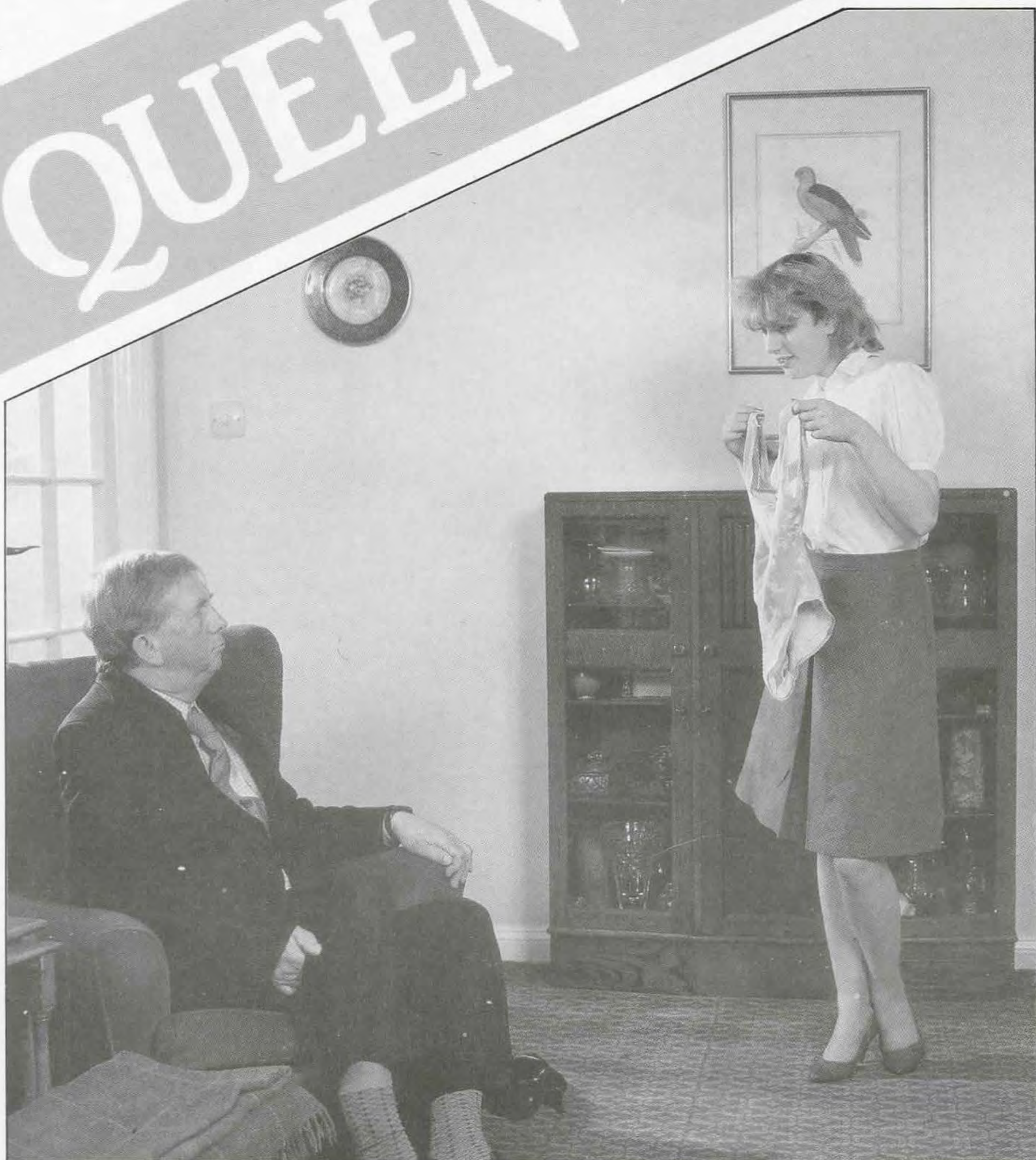
N ★ TEEN QUEEN ★ TEE

The town's annual Teen Queen Contest, annual since three years ago at least when *Eldridge Electrical* started up in the town and decided to sponsor the event as a means of getting their name known. So was it any wonder that Tracy Simmonds was excited with the contest now begun, the finals just a week away? And Mr Eldridge coming round to see her after work today.

There had been some general talk of Tracy entering last year but of course she was barely 18 then and certainly *too scared*.

This year though she had been persuaded. And why not: Tracy was an extremely pretty girl, a delightful blue-eyed blonde with as well a delightful figure, slim but with





everything there and quite a vision in a bathing suit.

The thought of standing in front of those judges in just a bathing suit and high heels, though, brought Tracy out in goose pimples. And in the town hall before all those people. 'I just *can't*, Mum.' Mrs Simmonds said, 'Of course you can, dear. You only have to *stand* there and smile.'

Anyway Tracey's name was down and there was no backing out now. So her mother firmly told her. And this afternoon Mr Eldridge...Mr Eldridge as Managing Director of the sponsoring firm was naturally on the judges panel. And clearly the one who counted, Melanie Simmonds could see that. Of course every other girl's mother could probably see it as well. And some people could be quite unscrupulous.

Mr Eldridge arrived at a quarter to six. By which time nervous Melanie Simmonds had been able to see that *dead scared* Tracy had had a wash and a change and also a dab of scent here and there. The short ash-blonde hair had been brushed until it shone and also, after a little consideration, a little shiny pink lipstick applied to the soft full lips. The Teen Queen *was* intended to epitomise innocence and youth so discretion was the keynote and Tracy most certainly must not

look like some kind of tart (as some other competitors undoubtedly would) but all the same a little gilding of the lily...

Melanie Simmonds, an attractive and still youthful woman in her own right who might 20 years earlier have been entering just such a competition herself were it not that her own mother had been particularly puritanical and God-fearing, was also in her best blue dress. With somewhat more scent here and there and somewhat more lipstick as well. And of course a splendid tea prepared.

Mr Eldridge was 56, bulky and balding, a thrusting Captain of Industry who also liked the little diversions of life. Foremost among these since setting up his firm in the New Town of

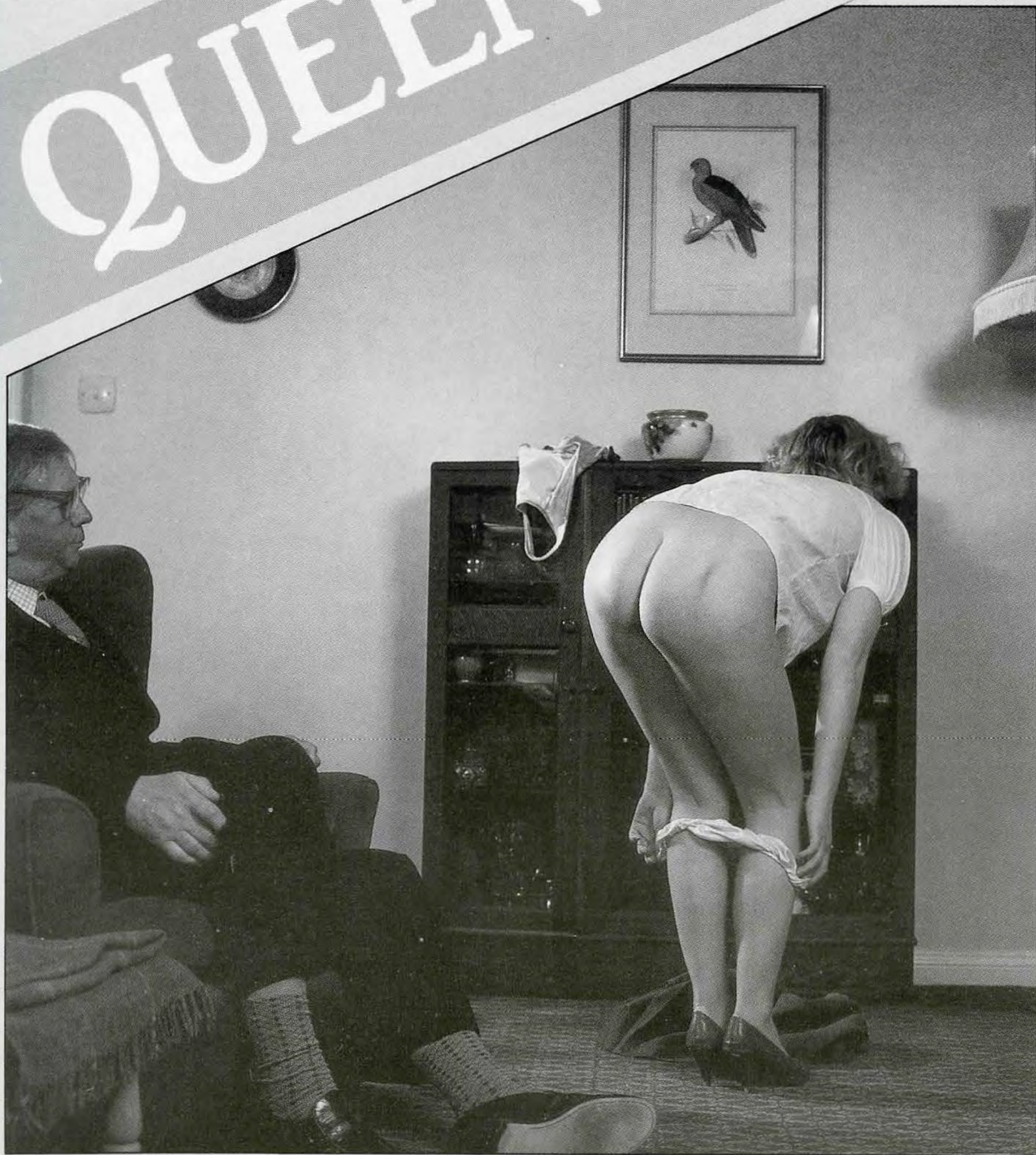
Bilton Bodstock had been the Teen Queen enterprise. Like many males of maturer years he had a keen interest in younger females: and why not? James Eldridge's interest centred on the 18 to 20 age group and there was certainly nothing particularly reprehensible in that, age of consent etc. Eighteen to 20 was the age range he had set for the Teen Queen Contest when that great idea came to him. Oh yes, a truly marvellous idea. For there was not



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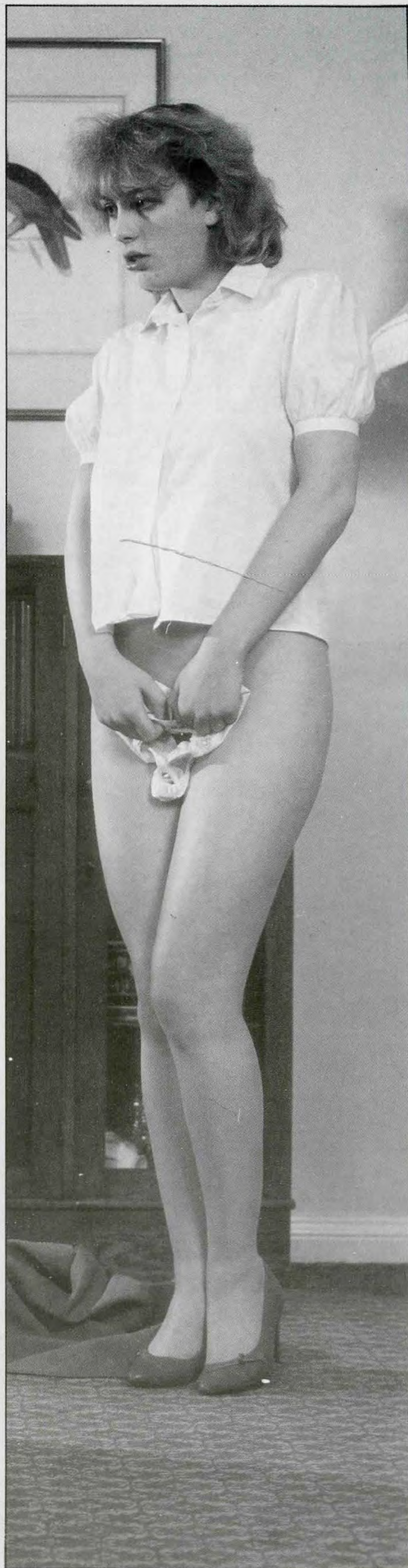


just the competition itself and its immediate perks; the two previous Teen Queens plus a number of fellow finalists were all now employed in various capacities in the Eldridge empire. And so continued to be...ah, available.

Yes. 'Ah yes, Mrs Simmonds.' James Eldridge had details on a note prepared by his secretary. 'Very

charmed to make your acquaintance. And this...ah, good afternoon, young lady.'

A winner! Or a potential winner at least. It did depend naturally on other things as well. But she certainly looked a winner. Delightful. Slim and trim in blouse and skirt. Slim but at the same time...James Eldridge's hand reached out, fingers testing the



flesh of an upper arm through crisp white cotton. Choice. The hand slid round behind. More taut flesh and the tingly feel of a stretched bra strap. My word!

Tracy not surprisingly was in a state. Excitement and also sheer *fear*. Melanie also fluttering excitedly. Would Mr Eldridge care to take a cup of tea? What Mr Eldridge would

care to do, there and then, was take Tracy up to her no doubt cosy little bedroom and have her slip out of her things. All of them. But you could perhaps hardly say that two minutes inside the house. No. Yes he would very much appreciate a cuppa. It would calm him. Keep calm. But a Captain of Industry hard at it all day when suddenly confronted with a truly exquisite example of English girlhood. Well all his instincts, sharpened in the cut and thrust of business, not to mention the experience of having got to grips, so to speak, with all those other Teen Queen hopefuls...

'A lovely house, Mrs Simmonds. And certainly a lovely daughter. Not to mention, of course, a lovely mother as well.'

mising, as this Tracy was indeed promising, further meetings would be arranged. A man could not take something like this lightly, oh dear no; one had responsibilities. One had to try to get to know the contestant, something of her character. To determine that of course you had to carry out certain little tests.

Yes tests. Those two other he'd seen already had tested up quite well. Co-operative, willing girls with co-operative, willing mothers as well.

and then one for the handsome mother now seated opposite. 'Lovely cup of tea, Mrs Simmonds.' And yes he would take a piece of that excellent looking cake.

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The two ladies flushed. Mr Eldridge accepted a seat on the sofa and drew the darling Tracy down next to him. She was the third he'd seen so far this time and he always liked to see them first like this, in their own homes. After that if they were pro-

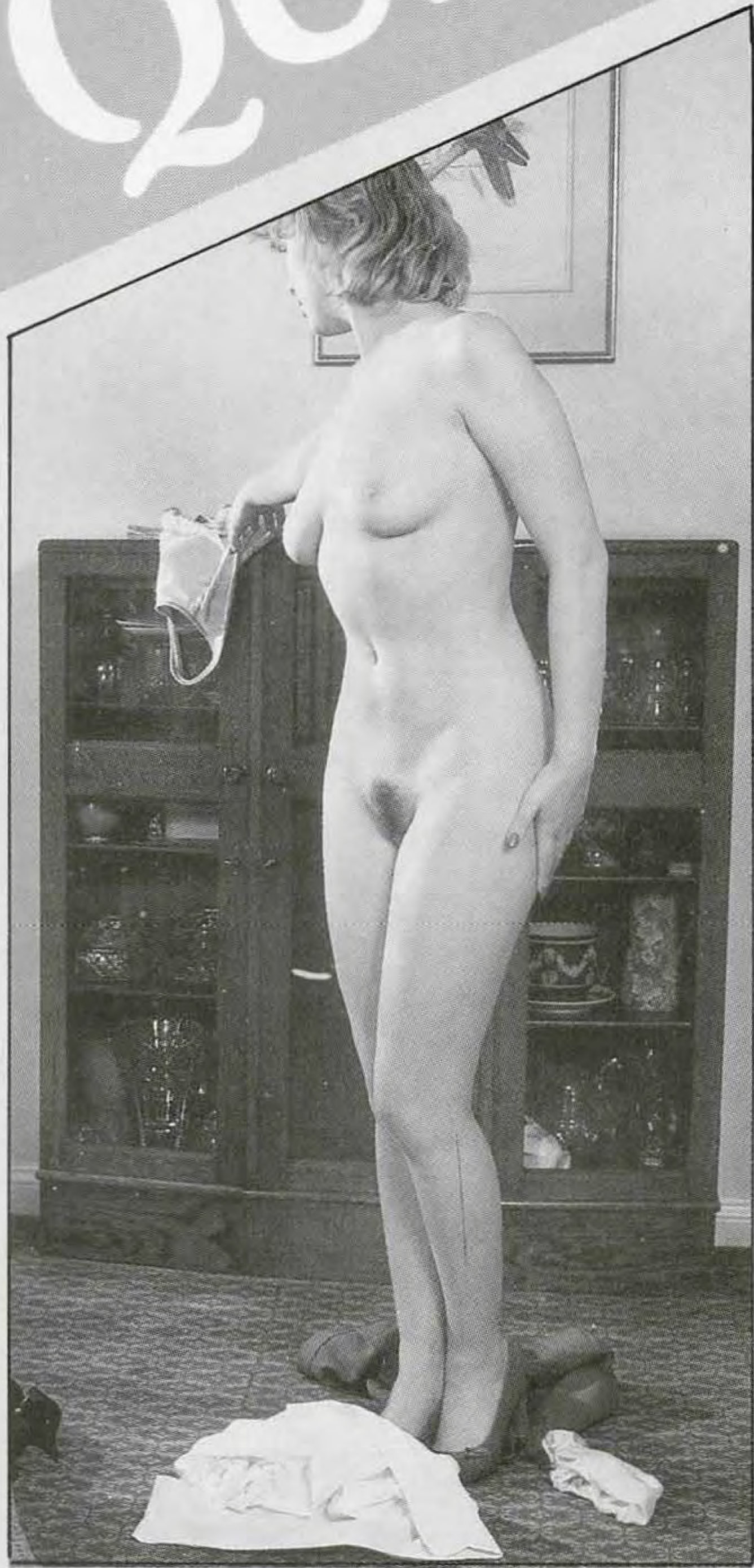


Mothers who realised that a girl couldn't afford to hold back when it was something like Teen Queen of Bilton Bodstock at stake. Oh yes. So the delightful Tracy would have to show her paces in addition to *looking* a winner. He gave her a big smile



He was chattering on, a bit about Eldridge Electrical and how he had brought it on from nothing, and also about the Contest. There were a couple of other judges, Major Smithers and Mr Philpot, a retired solicitor. Decisions were democratically arrived

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at and usually unanimous. James Eldridge said this with a smile that might have indicated that democracy did not necessarily mean all votes were equal.

Very soon of course, when everyone was nice and relaxed, he was going to have to say it: the first test. And then...It didn't really matter if the young lady or her mother expressed surprise, slight shock even. Just so long as the fair contestant was prepared, was allowed, to co-operate. Yes. At last after a second cup of tea and another slice of cake, James Eldridge's initial requirement briefly stated. His eyes lifting momentarily



upwards: the upper regions where no doubt were the bedrooms, Tracy's bedroom.

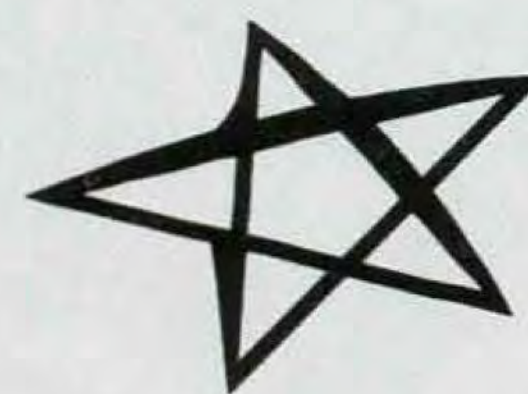
Melanie Simmonds nervously biting her lip. Did Mr Eldridge mean Tracy in her swimsuit? Oh, he didn't. She flushed as Mr Eldridge laughed. 'Her birthday suit. Afterwards I'll see her in her swimsuit, but not first of all.' It was the normal thing. 'I have to, er, check. Uh, everything.' That word *everything* spun in Melanie Simmonds' mind as James Eldridge recalled those other two he had already seen. One of them, Sandra Deacon, had proved quite a little raver up in her room in the altogether.

Mrs Simmonds swallowed. 'Oh well, if it's the normal thing.' Clearly Tracy was not going to get anywhere

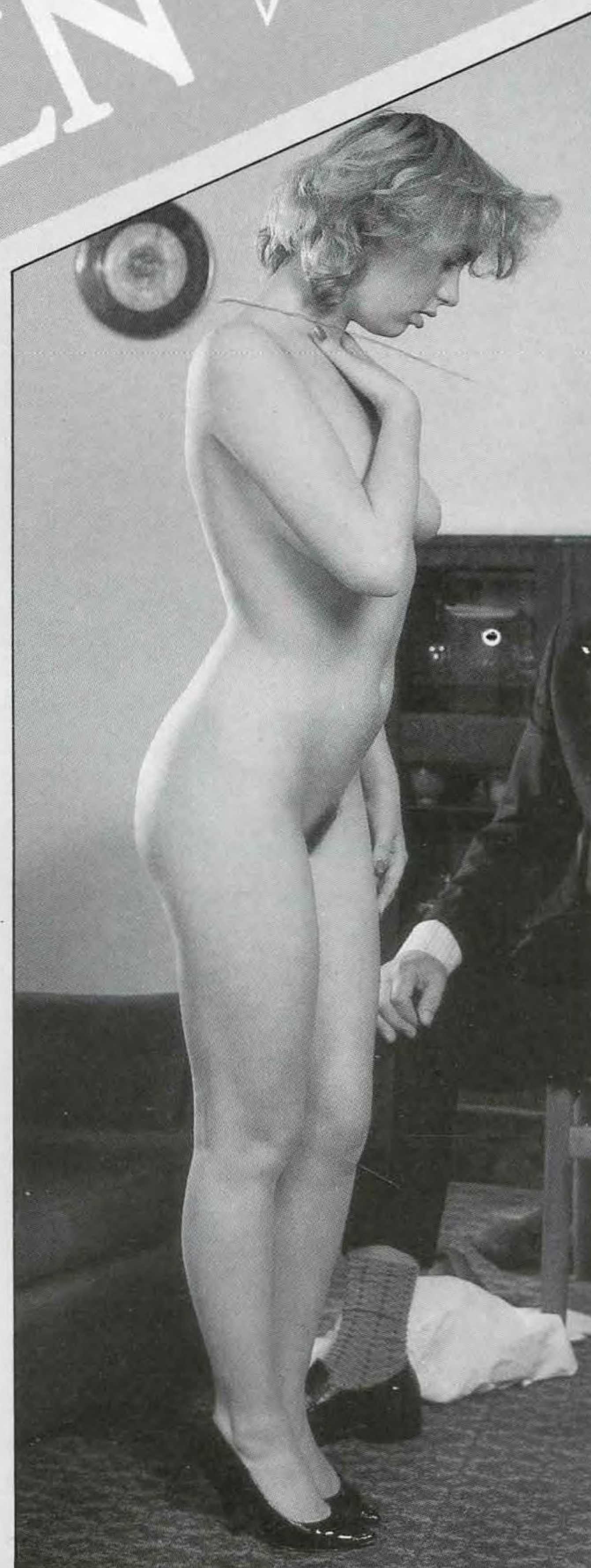
if she couldn't accept the normal thing.

'It's best if it's just Tracy and myself. That's normal too. They're, uh, less nervous then.'

Ah. Melanie wasn't sure if that would be so with her Tracy but again if it was *normal*. Not being used to Beauty Contests she didn't really know these things. Mr Eldridge had got to his feet. Tracy had been listening to all this dawning horror. She was going to have to take all...



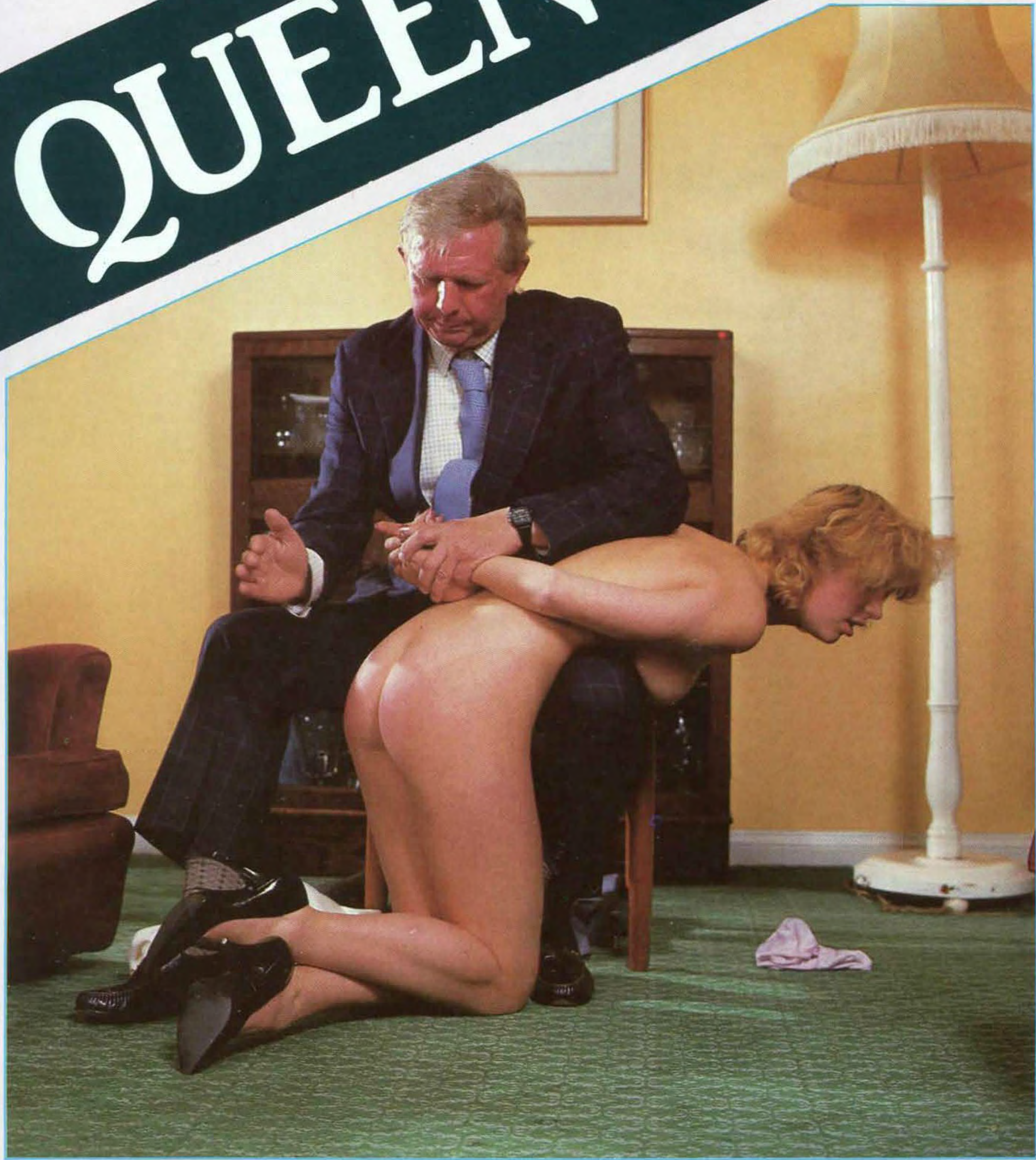
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Mrs Simmonds gave her daughter a forced smile. 'Right Tracy, off you go. Up to your room with Mr Eldridge.' Tracy *knew* now she had been right to be *dead scared* of this whole business.

In her room he simply told her to take all her clothes off. 'I've got to see.' No stranger had *ever* seen her with no clothes on. She felt simply awful but there was nowhere to go, you couldn't run and hide, you were here, caught, trapped, in your room with this Mr Eldridge. Who was offering to help you with buttons and zips and

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things. Downstairs her mother waited, heart in mouth. She just hoped Tracy was doing all right, doing whatever she was supposed to and not being too silly and shy. No doubt it was an ordeal, poor

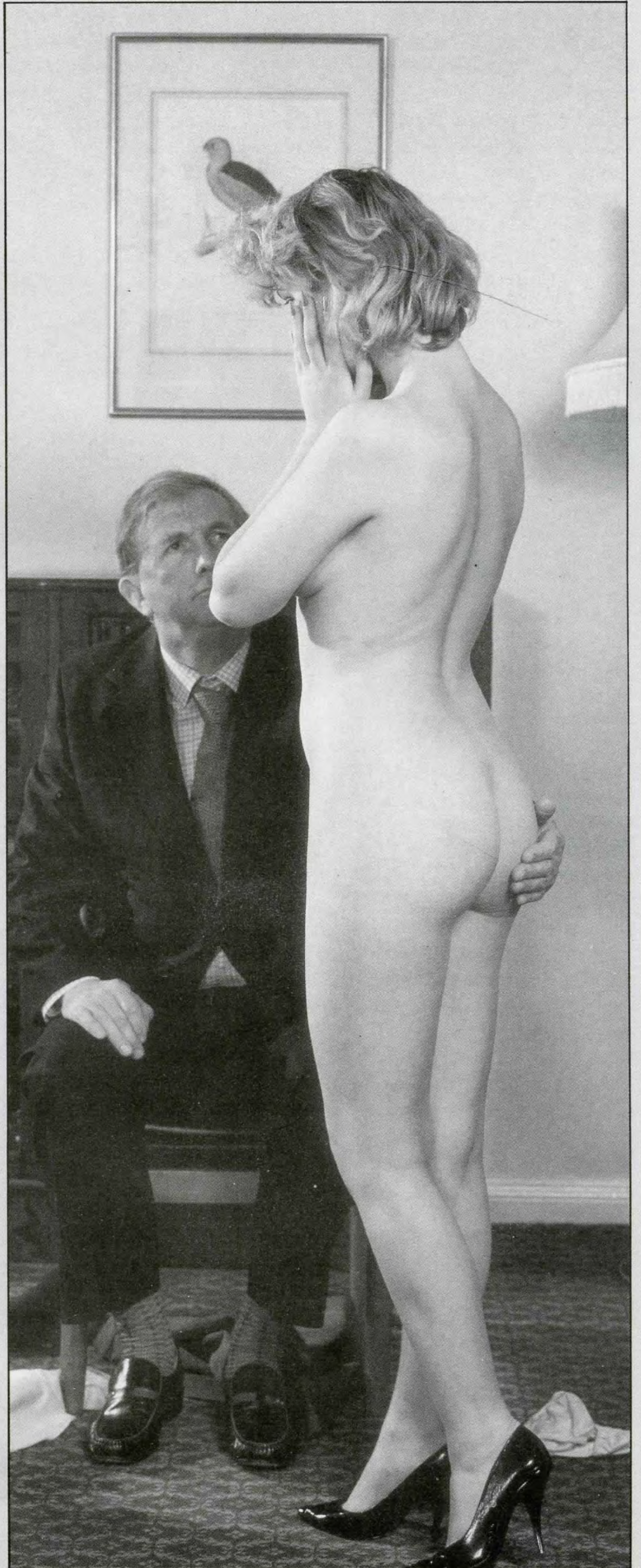
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thing, but Melanie knew that all those other little huzzies would be simply revelling in something like this. Flaunting their bodies — which was not a patch on Tracy's. A really agonising experience. Time crawling like a snail. And what were those sounds? Not Tracy's cries? And

sort of...well, smacking sounds. Eventually, at long last, the sound of feet on the stairs. Tracy red-faced. Dressed again. Well of course. Mr Eldridge...ah, looking pleased. That surely was a good sign. *'He smacked my bottom!'* Tracy's voice incredulous, also shaky with a hint that at any moment she might burst into tears. Mrs Simmonds produced another of



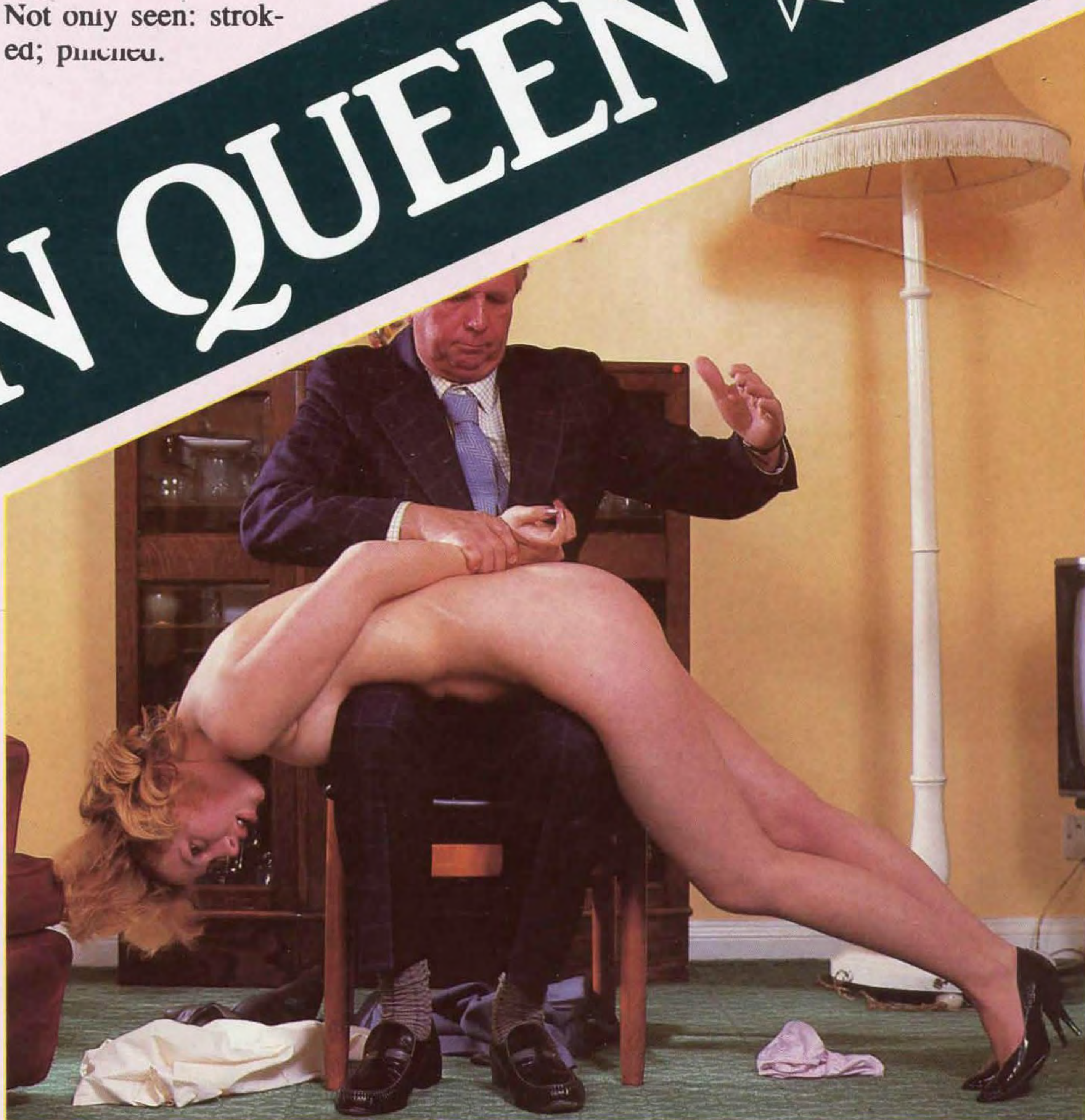
those forced smiles. Mr Eldridge had just left. Yes, Melanie knew he had smacked Tracy's bottom. Those unmistakable sounds from upstairs and then in the hallway with Tracy still in the sitting room he had cheerfully referred to it. 'I gave her a little smacking. Just to see how she'd take it. He had gone on to say he would like to see Tracy round at his place tomorrow, after work. Some more tests. Bring her swimsuit and did she have any very high heels? Melanie naturally said 'Yes of course.' It meant Tracy was in the running, in with a chance. And Mr Eldridge had confirmed this. 'She's very promising.' 'Don't worry about it,' she told her daughter. 'It was nothing, just his little joke I expect.'

any of *that*. But if Mr Eldridge wanted to smack her bottom...In a perfectly harmless way. 'You're to do exactly as he asks, Tracy. I mean he's not going to ask you to do anything you shouldn't.' And so Tracy Simmonds duly presented herself for Mr Eldridge's further delectation the next afternoon. Instructed to do her very best. She had that new swimsuit with her, white and tight and brief. You could see her nipples through it — but then Mr Eldridge had seen her nipples already. Bare. Not only seen: stroked; punched.

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Tracy's eyes did some rapid blinking. 'It really hurt and it was awful.' A very traumatic experience. Made to take all your clothes off for this stranger and then have him put his hands *everywhere*. Checking, he said. And then pulled over his lap as he sat on her bed and his big hand first groping her bum and then really bashing it. Melanie put her arm round Tracy. 'He said you were a really promising candidate so you mustn't worry about his little ways. I'm sure it's the same for all the girls.' Yes. No doubt. And when you thought about some of the young tarts who would be going in for this, egged on by equally tartish mothers, well...What would *they* be inviting him to do in order to gain favour? Tracy certainly would not be doing



Tracy trembled. She was also carrying in the bag with her swimsuit a new pair of shoes. Glossy pink with three-inch block heels. They were to wear with the new swimsuit. It was all exceedingly scary. She gave a scared little knock at his door. In fact she didn't wear her new pink high heels with the swimsuit first of

all. First of all she had to wear the shoes by themselves. Take off her clothes like before and her undies and put just the shiny pink shoes on. Tracy could hardly walk in them but that didn't matter because she didn't have to walk, what she had to do was just bend over. Over the edge of Mr Eldridge's polished table and grip the edge and stick her bare bottom out. So that Mr Eldridge could cane her. He said it was another test, a test of character, and the girl who got to be Teen Queen didn't just have to be a pretty face or even a pretty bottom, she had to have character as well.

Did Tracy have character? She certainly had some nice red stripes on her bottom when she got home. Her mother gave a little gasp when she saw, but, well, no doubt all the other girls were getting the same. She made Tracy a nice hot drink and said she wasn't to tell Dad. At least Mr Eldridge had told Tracy she was *very, very promising*. He wanted her to go back again tomorrow. More testing no doubt. So Tracy was clearly still very much on course for the coveted title. And in any case, Melanie Simmonds thought, there was no point backing out now she had invested in the new swimsuit and the quite expensive shoes.



UNDERCOVER UNIFORM

Mr Wilton glanced up at the clock. Sixteen minutes to nine. In fact 15 and a half minutes. Only 30 seconds to go. If she wasn't...Twenty seconds now. Mr Wilton looking at the door. If she didn't make it...

At just 12 seconds before the zero hour of 8.45 there was an urgent knock. His face registered a moment's disappointment. It *would* have been nice to have the excuse, a legitimate reason in fact, to have another go at her. Deborah Milford once more on the carpet. Figuratively speaking that was; more precisely over the top of his desk. Skirt up and knickers down and that slightly plump bare bottom trembling in fearful anticipation of the mind-bending cut of his cane. With an effort Sidney Wilton thrust those seductive images from his mind. It was being extremely negative to wish a girl had missed her appointment, he should be pleased she had made it in time. Yes. But still...

'Come in.'

The door bursting open to admit a very pretty girl. Blonde and quite tall and well built, nicely filling out a tweed skirt in browns and yellows plus a pale brown cardigan. St Hilary's College catered for girls who had missed a subject or two at A Level first time round. They were thus all 18 and there was no uniform. Well, except perhaps for one item. Girls joining were issued with six pairs of pink, somewhat transparent, nylon knickers. Mr Wilton's idea: *some* sort of uniformity was a good thing. If you were caught wearing any other knickers you were in big trouble. So you *could* say that the pink knickers constituted St Hilary's uniform. Those blushing pink knickers that Deborah Milford would now have on under her sensible calf-length tweed skirt. Mr Wilton's Passion Pants as they were sometimes irreverently known. But it wasn't a joke, or not a very funny one. Because those pink knickers could be taken down by Mr Wilton, Principal of St Hilary's.

Because that was another of Mr Wilton's little things. The girls were grown up and 18 but discipline was necessary; perhaps even more than when they were at school because these girls had all failed in some way or other. So in short you could be caned. Your skirt, tweed or whatever,





pulled up and your special pink knickers taken down and Mr Wilton's whippy cane then zipped in across your bare bottom. *Extremely* painful as well as, naturally, a dreadfully humiliating and embarrassing experience. An experience to be avoided if at all possible. Mr Wilton though, unfortunately, was rather keen on handing out canings, especially to the rears of the more attractive members of St Hilary's and did so whenever he had anything approaching a legitimate excuse. This situation inserted therefore a certain degree of tension into the lives of such as Deborah Milford.

She now having closed the door behind her brought her hand up to a lightly perspiring brow. The pretty, full-lipped face was flushed with having run all the way from the bus stop. The bloody bus had been held up in traffic and Deborah had desperately feared...

'Just made it, Sir.' A half smile, hopeful of striking a friendly note. Mr Wilton *could* be in a bad mood in the mornings. He *could* say something like: I don't want to see you in here all hot and panting like a horse. Why don't we take your knickers down again? But that wouldn't really be fair and generally speaking Mr Wilton was fair. He glanced up at the clock.

'Yes, Deborah, but only *just*. We're cutting things very fine, aren't we? Mmmm? Come here.'

Round the side of his desk he meant to where he was sitting. He seemed at least in a reasonable mood. Deborah came circumspectly round. 'Mmmm. How are we feeling? All right, is it?'

Her bottom. From yesterday afternoon. When she had been bent over this desk with her skirt up and pink knickers down and Mr Wilton's shocking cane...

'Yes Sir.'

'Not sore now?'

'No Sir. Not really Sir.'

Mr Youngley had sent her to Mr Wilton because he said her English essay was poor. That wasn't the first time he had done that. Deborah had a shrewd idea she could probably have avoided this fate by doing what Jackie Cutler had done. Wich was to say to Mr Youngley please could she have some extra tuition. Jackie Cutler had extra tuition round at Mr Youngley's house in the evenings now and as a result didn't get sent to Mr Wilton to be caned; but Deborah wasn't *quite* desperate enough to take this option, dreadful though a caning from Mr Wilton always was. She fancied that 'extra tuition' from watery-eyed Mr Youngley, with his sickening habit of licking his lips when he looked at you, would be even worse. So it had been





a caning. She could still feel it. Mind-zapping.

'Mmm. Let's have a look. Lift your skirt.'

The day after a caning Mr Wilton always made you come round to his office first thing, at 8.45. To ask if everything was all right. And even if you said Yes, as normally a girl would, he usually wanted to check. 'Lift your skirt.'

Deborah's hands gripping the pleated skirt near the hem as she stood at Mr Wilton's side. Lifting. Mr Wilton's eyes as if held by a magnet as the skirt came up to reveal dimpled knees, then round smooth thighs. Finally those brief tight pink knickers. Right up the skirt came, to Deborah's waist. She had done this before and knew what was expected. On the right front of the nylon knickers, near the lower hem where it slanted up from her groin, were round shiny blue things. Spangles, sewn on. Five in a tight little group.

Mr Wilton's hand reached out. Two fingers sliding up inside the knickers behind the spangles, his thumb rubbing over them. 'Mmm....Five now, Deborah.'

Deborah answered a tight-lipped 'Yes, sir.'

Five blue spangles. Each time after a girl was caned Mr Wilton noted it in his Record Book. And then handed the gasping, sometimes weeping, sufferer six blue spangles. One spangle for each of her six pairs of pink knickers, to be sewn onto the right hand lower front that evening. One spangle for each session under the cane. Deborah's six pairs of pink knickers were each now decorated with five spangles, since yesterday evening when up in her room she had sewn the fifth ones on.

Five spangles in one and a bit terms. Three of them were due to creepy Mr Youngley who would so dearly love to get her round to his place in the evenings for 'extra tuition'. One other, the first, early in the first term, was when she had forgotten and put on a different pair of knickers and Mr Wilton in one of the impromptu knickers checks he liked to make had discovered it. A happy day for Sidney Wilton who had been eyeing the shapely new girl and rather aching for a first go at her bottom. Deborah's other spangle, her third in chronological order, had been Mr Heath the gardener who had caught her cutting through a part of the garden forbidden to girls and according to him 'damaging plants'.

Mr Heath had been prepared, keen in fact, to deal with the matter himself; to take Deborah to his little hut and take her knickers down himself and spank her bottom. That would have been quite against

regulations on Mr Heath's part because no one except Mr Wilton was allowed to take girls' knickers down and spank or cane their bottoms. But Mr Heath did do it if he got the chance and a girl would agree. The trouble was that once Mr Heath had you in his place with your knickers down he was rumoured to be very difficult to handle. Difficult to prevent from proceeding to other things. Rather like Mr Youngley and his extra tuition. So Deborah had refused and got her third caning from Mr Wilton.

Five canings in one and a third terms. That was quite a lot but by no means unusual for the more attrac-

tive members of St Hilary's. Two girls in the present crop had already got six. Mr Wilton was very keen on his cane and it would be true to say that by now, the third week of the Spring Term, all the girls that he fancied in any degree had their knickers decorated with at least two blue spangles. Correction: every girl except one. Elaine Puckwell. Somehow Elaine Puckwell had managed to avoid...

Mr Wilton was half thinking of Elaine Puckwell now as he absent-mindedly fingered the spangles on Deborah Milford's knickers. Elaine with the raven tresses and deep blue eyes and sweetly innocent expres-

sion. Elaine whose knickers were still innocent of even a single spangle. Elaine whose work was too good for even Mr Youngley to pronounce inadequate. Elaine who hadn't fallen foul of Mr Heath and also had never yet come to classes in the wrong knickers. Or at least not that Sidney Wilton had discovered and he had made her lift her skirt for a check on quite a number of occasions.

Mmmm. Mr Wilton's fingers without really meaning to slid over inside Deborah's knickers to the central area. Silky soft curls. Deborah shivered. Deborah's were dark blonde. Elaine's would of course be raven black but Sidney Wilton had





not yet seen Elaine's. It was getting to be just a little bit...Frustrating.

He removed his hand, his fingers, and told Deborah to take her knickers down. It was silly really to dwell on it. Not when he had Deborah and Kirsty and Suzanne and all the others. All of them in one way or another falling foul of the regulations at not infrequent intervals. Sweet Elaine was bound to slip up sooner or later and then...

Deborah holding her skirt up with one hand was pulling down her knickers with the other. Right down to fully expose that blonde bush of hair. Deborah had been here before. Mr Wilton liked to look at the front

first although the stated reason for a girl coming to him the morning after a caning was to look at her bottom: to check that the caning had left no serious enduring after-effects. He stared at the fleece which his absent-minded fingers had just trailed over, then looked up at Deborah's somewhat flushed face.

'Still keeping away from the boys, I hope, Deborah?'

A smart 'Yes, Sir.' Consorting with boys was of course another area where a girl could lay herself open to the attentions of Mr Wilton's cane. Strictly speaking what a girl did outside classes might be regarded as her own business but Mr Wilton

chose not to look at things in this light. Dallying with boys distracted a girl from her studies and it could also have an adverse effect on other girls. So if he discovered anything of this sort Mr Wilton jumped on it. And quickly had her over his desk with her knickers down. Suzanne Kingley for one had problems in this direction: four of her six spangles were related to boys.

Sidney Wilton thought again about Elaine. Boys would have been an excellent avenue to Elaine's bottom — except that by all accounts and from his own observations she was simply not interested. It was frustrating. With some people in his position, he







knew, there would be no problem. He would simply make something up and go ahead and do it. But Sidney Wilton had his standards, he always liked to have a legitimate reason or excuse. If things went on like this for much longer, though, those standards might for the first time come under considerable strain.

'Turn round, Miss.'

A ripely firm bare bottom above the lowered pink knickers and the marks left by yesterday's caning could still be discerned, dark red against the pale flesh. Nothing to cause a problem, though, Sidney Wilton was very experienced with the cane and knew just how far he could go. His hand now testing, pinching lightly, stroking. Deborah trembling, biting her lip.

'Yes, good. Pull them up then.'

Sometimes it took quite a bit longer. Sometimes Mr Wilton made you get over his desk again or got you over his lap, and then checking up was a lot more intensive. But today his mind was more on Elaine Puckwell than usual. There was no doubt about it, it was getting to him. His thoughts ran on to the last period before lunch. Gym.

It was Sidney Wilton's habit to look in on a gym class to check how the girls were doing. Healthy minds in healthy bodies and it was always rewarding to study those healthy bodies as they were put through their paces. When he arranged the timetable he made sure that gym classes were always immediately preceeding either lunch or a break period. That meant there was time if necessary at the end of the class if he wanted to keep one or two special ones behind. For a little chat and also, say, a handstand or something.

Gym wear at St Hilary's comprised those same special pink knickers plus a normal lightweight bra, and the girls simply changed into a fresh set afterwards after showering. One advantage of this was that it provided an explanation at home for the spangles: they could be said to be related to gymnastic achievement. Because although caning was quite legal, Mr Wilton did not see why his activities in that direction should be advertised too freely. And nor for that matter did the girls who were being required to bend themselves over his desk. It was much, much easier to mumble to your mother something about gym points.

Mr Wilton went in the gym for the last 10 minutes of the class. He was a very busy man of course, otherwise it would be extremely pleasant to go in and watch the whole 45 minutes of the girls bending and stretching and jumping and vaulting and generally exhibiting those succulent

forms. But 45 minutes anyway would have been pure self-indulgence; 10 minutes at the end of class wasn't being indulgent at all. Ten minutes was being almost ascetic — when there was Deborah Milford and Suzanne Kingley...and Elaine Puckwell.

Sidney Wilton watched entranced as the girls engaged in netball practice and then finished up with some vaulting over the horse. Twelve lovely forms in just white bras and pink knickers plus white ankle socks and sneakers. Twelve pairs of tight, well filled pink knickers with their varying numbers of clustered blue spangles. Two girls with none: Julie Simmonds whom he wasn't *too* bothered about, but the other one...sweet and delicious Elaine. His eyes followed her comely form. Sweet torture. Perhaps, he thought, he would have been better advised not to come and watch anymore until he'd been able to have a good go at her. One good go and surely he wouldn't feel nearly so bad. But when was that going to be?

There turned out to be a nice little bonus from Mr Burt, gym instructor. In response to 'Everything OK?' Mr Burt said, 'Mmm...Linda Jenkins. Could do with having her ideas bucked up a bit. Little bit lazy.'

Sidney Wilton's eyes brightened. He *quite* fancied Linda Jenkins, and maybe Mr Burt knew this. Keep the boss happy was always a sound motto. Mr Burt *might* have offered him Elaine Puckwell. He had a pretty good idea how Sidney Wilton felt about her, but James Burt couldn't do that. She was such a sweet, delightful girl that the thought of Mr Wilton taking her knickers down and caning her was quite sickening. Now Linda...well, he rather liked the thought of her getting it.

Yes Sidney Wilton's eyes brightened all right and when the class finished he went over to Linda and said he'd like to see her in his office at the end of classes that afternoon. Linda, a pretty brunette, could guess what it would be. There was one thing above all others that you went to Mr Wilton's office for at the end of the day. She had two spangles on her knickers. The chances were very high that tomorrow there would be three.

Mr Wilton wasn't waiting for a response, though; he wasn't waiting to enjoy her discomfiture. As the girls moved quickly towards the door he was calling Elaine over. The others, Linda included, went smartly out. There was a general consensus that it was not a good idea to hang about in the principal's presence.

Elaine, though, was not too concerned and favoured him with her

customary sweet smile. She had done nothing wrong and therefore felt she had nothing to worry about. She knew of course that Mr Wilton caned but also there was always a reason. He didn't have a reason to cane *her*. Various parts of Sidney Wilton quivered in response to Elaine's smile. She was a very lovely girl, especially in just bra and pink knickers. He felt quite weak.

He managed to produce some general chat, small talk. As a preamble to what he really wanted: a handstand. Elaine had a pretty good idea that Mr Wilton was going to want a handstand because he usually did when he made a girl stay behind. A forced laugh and then, 'Well let's see if you're fit: let's see a handstand.' It wasn't really to see if you were fit of course it was so he could gaze at your upside-down legs and also...other parts of you. Those tight, partially transparent pink knickers could be very revealing when you were upside down in a handstand. Especially a legs-apart handstand. But Mr Wilton was Mr Wilton, principal of St Hilary's. Elaine wasn't about to show dissent, it didn't actually *hurt* you to do it. Not like Mr Wilton's cane would undoubtedly hurt.

The expected, forced-jocular request shortly came. Elaine produced another sweet smile and did it. Up against the wall bars, agilely bending and then shooting up her legs. Legs together, toes pointing. Mr Wilton gazing...at the legs and thighs but in particular at that taut bulge of the knickers where the thighs began. Oh yes. He could see. Quite clearly. It was almost too much. But he nonetheless wanted more. His voice hoarsely excited: 'Now with legs apart...'

Obediently Elaine's legs parted, into a wide V. The whole of it now. Sidney Wilton looked...and looked...It was then, now, that he knew it. He was going to have to move. His commitment to fair play would if necessary have to go by the board. The need was too great! he could not delay any longer.

He enjoyed Linda at 5 o'clock. Unhappy Linda desperately protesting that she hadn't been slacking in gym. Protesting but knowing that once you were in there, in Mr Wilton's office, there was virtually no chance of it not happening.

For the moment Elaine was forgotten. 'I hope you are not calling into question Mr Burt's word, Linda? Mmm? So just prepare yourself. Take your skirt off and slip your knickers down. And then get over the desk.'

Yes for the moment Elaine could be forgotten with the immediacy of

Linda and her own fascinating bottom. Twice he had caned it already: two spangles on her knickers, both a result of Mr Younger who rather liked the look of Linda too. Close to tears at life's unfairness — she knew she *hadn't* been slacking, it was just Mr Burt trying to curry favour with Mr Wilton — Linda bowed to the inevitable. Plaid skirt off and folded on a chair. Then her knickers. And then...

'Aaaaaiiaaahhh!'

Mind-bending pain. You might have had it before but it always came afresh as a sheer white hot shock. Mr Wilton smiling grimly to himself. Oh yes, for the present there was certainly no thought of Elaine...

'Aaaaaiieeee! Aaiieehhh!'

Oh yes.

But afterwards. When the weeping girl had left with her clutch of new spangles, when the hot excitement had dissipated. Afterwards the vision very quickly returned. The shoulder-length tumbling black hair, those startling blue eyes. And yes, that inverted V of her opened thighs. No, he couldn't wait any longer.

* * * *

'I'm sorry, Elaine, but Mr Burt *did* say. Not really working in netball practice. Not giving 100 per cent.'

Elaine standing in front of his desk and shaking her head in disbelief. It couldn't be true. She *always*...And Mr Burt was always praising her...No!...

Sidney Wilton, slightly red-faced, shook his own head, forcing a benign expression though it wasn't easy with the knowledge that you were behaving so perfidiously. James Burt *had* taken some persuading, at first point-blank refusing to agree that Elaine had been slacking. But Sidney Wilton had insisted, he had seen it with his own eyes and, well, he was the boss. And so finally...

'I'm sorry, Elaine. You have generally been an excellent student. But we all need a little reminder now and then. It's really nothing to be ashamed of; but I must follow my normal practice. So please remove your skirt. And take your knickers down...'

Poor Elaine sick, absolutely *sick*. And Sidney Wilton feeling almost sick too, but with excitement. He had behaved very badly but he didn't really care. He was going to get it. Cane her. Right now. Because Elaine with a dreadfully reproachful look was complying. Hands at her skirt. Slipping it down. Oh dear, the excitement was almost *too much*. He hoped he was not going to have an accident. A sticky mess in his trousers. But frankly Sidney Wilton didn't care if he did.

THE ORDER



The knickers were far more schoolgirlish than he had expected them to be. Certainly for a girl of 18. They were quite plain, though there was lacy white edging. It's strange, he thought, that when a girl is part covered in this way, she can often be more provocative than when she is quite naked.

'Are these the kind of underclothes you normally wear, Linda?' he asked.

'Yes...' Her voice was low and soft, with a slight tremble in it.

'Yes, *Mr Palmer*,' he corrected.

'I'm sick and tired of youngsters like yourself showing lack of respect for their elders. It's why we're in such a mess these days. That's my view.' Hypocrite, he said to himself. The real reason, as he well knew, was that twenty five or more years ago we'd let in hordes of immigrants and started paying people far more than they actually earned. A little liberalism was another thing. Still, it would never do to let on. 'Don't you agree, Linda?'

'If...if you say so, Mr Palmer...'

Yes, it really was a most excellent bottom for a girl of her age. Thirty eight inches around? Possibly a fraction more. She might fine down in a year or two if she didn't over-eat. For the moment, one might say, the situation was perfect.

He taxed her about something her mother had mentioned on the 'phone, a lapse in family discipline. She admitted it timidly.

'I see.' He puckered his lips sourly and, at the same time, had to make a tremendous effort to stop himself ripping those knickers off. 'So you regularly break your parents' rules?'

Another pause. 'Y-yes...I suppose I do, Mr Palmer.'

'Suppose? For goodness sake, girl, please admit facts.'

'Yes...well then, yes Mr Palmer...I do.'

'Like the rules I laid down for you, Linda? Simple rules — but, for all that, meant to be obeyed. A matter of discipline.'

Silence. Or was there just the faintest

hint of a sob? 'I...I'm sorry....Mr Palmer.'

'So you say.' He stroked his chin contemplatively. Yes, that was a most excellent bottom. 'I doubt it.' He smiled momentarily and nervously. 'Maybe you will be later, Linda.'

Silence again. I wonder what will happen, he thought (not without a frisson of pleasure) what will happen when I tell her to take those knickers down?

* * * *

It had been a long row to hoe as far as this girl was concerned. With some you knew there wouldn't be all that difficulty; with others you knew you'd never get them where you wanted them (although there had been one or two remarkable surprises over the years!) Linda had been an in-betweeny from the start. Vulnerable, yes. But wilful and obstinate, too. A girl one had to bear down upon persistently in order for her to feel true, inner guilt. The kind of guilt



that *required* absolution. The kind of guilt which fought frantically for liberation. Yet strangely and simply so that the same guilt could be acquired again.

She had wanted to be accepted into 'The Order' but, at the same time, had always been nervous about it. Fascinated but frightened. A friend had introduced her.

'This is not a Religious Order,' he had stated at the outset. 'One might better describe it as Mystic. But it is one which requires mental and physical disciplines — which such Orders have done

throughout the ages. You are free to join but your conscience may find it more difficult if you wish to leave.' Linda had joined and he remembered how trustingly bright her eyes had been, 'This is not like joining the Guides, Linda' he had said. 'It goes far deeper. Right to the soul.'

'I understand...Mr Palmer...' she had said. 'I mean...I think I understand.'

'In time, my child, you will understand everything. Meakness and Meditation are our watchwords. Secrecy and Obedience are essential to our existence.

Senior Members in the Order will confirm this to you. Before you go, I will give you a list of the works I wish you to read before our next meeting.'

'I...I...have a lot of other things to do, Mr Palmer,' she had said.

He had smiled graciously. 'You will find time for the short tracts I shall supply you with. By the way, Linda, the Order only meets in conclave annually. Followers see me *individually* once a week. You may, of course, discuss such matters with other Members of the Order, *but with no one else*. That is an

absolute prerequisite of membership. To break that Rule means instant exclusion from our Order.' He had smiled at her like a true Franciscan Father, remote from such realms as he was. 'You understand?'

'Yes, Mr Palmer.'

'And you are happy?'

'Yes, Mr Palmer.'

Strange he had thought afterwards — and not for the first time — how girls go through a 'devotional' phase. Some joined the Roman Catholic Church. Some even went so far as to become nuns. Others were happy to take a less permanent course, yet satisfy their teenage compulsions, by joining his Order.

It was one, it must be said, which had the approval of numerous local Church Committees. After all, it seemed good for the girls. Charitable work was done. Mr Palmer was well respected in the district and, beyond that, it was understood his uncle had been a Rural Dean.

* * * *

'You know,' he said in those tones which he had assiduously developed over the years, 'that what you have done is not only morally sinful but contrary to the Rules of the Order?'

'Y-yes, Mr Palmer...I'm sorry...but I couldn't help...'

'And to break such a Rule is punishable? You are aware of that? You have, in regular communion with me, accepted the fact?'

'Yes...yes, Mr Palmer...'

'It can only be said in your favour, my child that, at least, you have made a confession of it. Even though it took me some time to force it out of you.'

'I...I'm so sorry, Mr Palmer. But it is so difficult...the Rules of the Order are so strict...'

'Yes, indeed they are, Linda. That is the intention of them. That is why the Order flourishes. Do you imagine it would if the Rules could be obeyed or disobeyed just as and when a Member wishes?'

'No, Mr Palmer...' There was a catch of the breath.

'How many times then, since you last came to me? Last came — and told me of your sinful urgency? When I gave you a final warning.'

This time there was a heaving sob. 'Th-three...Mr Palmer...I know I shouldn't have done...but...I couldn't help it! Oh I tried...because of what you said; because of the Order. But I couldn't stop myself...' Now the sobs came more frequently.

'Three times, my child? Indeed that does show an extreme urgency. And a gross defiling of our Rules.'

'Oh...mmmff...I'm so sorry, Mr Palmer...I'll try to do better in future...'

'If you are not better...a good deal bet-

ter...' he said firmly, 'you will be expelled from the Order. Everyone will understand *why*. I don't think you would like that.'

'No...oh no...'

'Meanwhile, Linda, are you still prepared to accept the discipline which our Order imposes for your repeated illicit and lustful offences? Openly admitted to me this evening? You must be aware by now it is the only way for you to remain within the Order.'

Was the girl's devotion still as strong he wondered? Had he manoeuvred her with the required patience and subtlety? Maybe not. It was possible she would break under the pressure. Rebel...flout the Code...and be gone from his influence for ever. Maybe. It was a chance one always had to take. One well worth taking all the same — in view of the number of successful supplicants over the years. He had held back on Linda. He had pushed and pushed incessantly, but he had never over-stepped the mark. Would his tactics now pay off? It was a nervous moment. Like having trained a high-strung filly for twelve months and watching her entering the stalls for her first race.

A make or break situation.

'The penalty for disobedience to the Rules of our Order is flagellation, my child. I have told you often enough. You have accepted it in your mind. The time has now come for you to accept it in fact...'

More sobs. 'Oh, I'm so...sorry...'

'This, Linda, is what might be called the moment of truth. Either you accept the tenets of our Order or you reject them. Reject them, remember, after many months of faithful devotion. It is your decision, child. How say you?'

Sob...sob and sob again, 'I...I...I accept...I must!'

Oh thank the Lord for that, said the egregious Mr Palmer to himself. His tactics had paid off. Once again. As a Churchwarden, assistant to the Mayor and Treasurer of the Rotary Society, he felt he had genuine duties to fulfil in the neighbourhood. Moral duties, as well.

'In that case, Linda,' he said with all the calm he could muster, 'you will now take down your knickers and prepare to be dealt with as the Rules of our Order decree.'

* * * *

There was an obvious inner struggle which lasted all of ten seconds. He sensed, however, that his objective would ultimately be achieved. Otherwise she would not have gone this far.

Then, slowly but surely, with sighs and sobs, it happened. The thin briefs were pushed down and down. Over the swell, sliding to the base of the thighs, revealing the curving nakedness in all its youthful charm. The light in the little ante-room lent a kind of luminosity about

the flesh. It was his turn to sigh; but inwardly and with pleasure. His careful handling had paid off.

'You will be aware, Linda,' he said, 'that the form of flagellation employed in our Order is caning...'

'Y-yes...Mr P-Palmer.' The soft cheeks seemed to shiver a little; or was it a trick of the light?

'...and, what is more, caning on the bare buttocks. That is why I have had to ask you to pull down your knickers.' Of course, of course. It was in the Rules of the Order. There was no other reason! He opened the long, slim, leather case, set earlier on the table, in which the cane was always kept. There it lay waiting; smooth, of the palest yellow colour. 'You must be brave, my child,' he said softly...and heard a sob. 'Remember, it is for your moral good and you are by no means the first in our Order to undergo such a penance for your sins.'

It felt good in his hand, the tip swaying flexibly. He laid it lightly across the curves and saw them flinch convulsively. Ah yes, she would be very nervous. It was, in a sense, an Initiation. He paused, feeling the usual temptation to lay on a full-bodied cut. However, he never caned with any great severity, especially on the first occasion. Back came the cane to waist height and he delivered a wristy little stroke across the centre of the bottom before him.

There was a breathless gasp and the throwing back of one arm. Had she expected it to hurt more or less?

'Please try and keep holding the chair,' he said. The girl was kneeling on a wooden chair. He saw the pale pink weal running across the softly quivering flesh. Not much damage there. It had merely stung her a little. It was the *fact* that she was being caned for her misdeeds which counted. The deep, inner humiliation of it. 'You are to receive six like that, Linda,' he continued. 'And you will count each one.'

Another sob. 'One...' she no more than whispered. The shapely hindquarters twisted slightly in anticipation. He kept her waiting. Five seconds...ten...maybe fifteen. There was never any reason to hurry. Then he gave her a similar stroke, laying it just about an inch above where the first had fallen. The reaction was similar; both the gasp and the throwing back of an arm.

'T-two...' she choked out.

'Linda,' he said firmly, 'I asked you to keep your hands on the chair. Kindly do so.'

'Oh...Mr Palmer...it's so difficult...'

'Nevertheless, you will *try*.'

Once more he kept her waiting. Stretching the nerves. Again, all part of the punishment. This time the hindquarters twisted even further and the nates gave a sudden clench just before he laid the cane across them for the third time. He directed it an inch below the first stroke and, he had to admit, a shade harder.



'Owww...ooohhh that hurt!' This time both hands left the floor and were clamped to a bottom which twisted left and right. She wobbled on the chair, almost falling backwards.

'How many, Linda?' he asked...and received the required answer. He did not mention her involuntary movements, since there seemed little point. She was a Novice, after all.

'P-please, Mr P-Palmer...not s-so hard...'

He said nothing but, this time, kept her waiting even longer before laying the cane across her bottom about an inch above where the second stroke had fallen. He did not use quite so much force and was gratified to note that those palms did not leave the chair again even if the nails clawed into it. Could she be gaining experience so early?

'F-four...'

She would be pleased there were no more than two to come, he reflected. Summoning her resolve, praying for it to be all over as quickly as possible. This

time he kept her waiting even longer, frankly appreciative of the almost perpetual flinching and quivering of the girl-soft flesh before him. Then, at long last, the cane descended wristily again, returning to the lower regions of those curves.

'Oww...oh...f-five...' Only one more, she would be saying. Oh thank God for that!

In due time, he laid it where he always laid the last. At the join of the buttocks and thigh tops. And he laid it harder than all those which had preceded it. The weal was bright and long, curving, and then she was up off the chair, crying out in pain, hands clamping most urgently to that tender spot as she waltzed from side to side.

'How many, Linda?' he asked.

'S-six...oh...that hurt...' He replaced the cane in its case closed the lid and flicked down two brass catches. It had a rather Masonic look about it.

'You may pull your knickers up again, Linda,' he said charitably. 'Then I think

we should have a little talk.' With a wry smile on his lips he watched as those pretty little briefs were pulled up far faster than they had been pushed down.

* * * *

The talk was the usual one he gave on such occasions. The girl sat, a trifle uncomfortably on a wooden chair, facing him, with a look on her pretty young face which was a mixture of shame and contrition.

It's gist was that, if she ever felt so tempted again, she should — recalling what had happened that evening — resist with all her might. Instead, she should come to him. Not only for advice but also practical help. He was very experienced in such matters. Others had come to him before. That way, in any event, she would avoid a second caning.

He thought she understood him. Fully.

Indeed, from the look in her eyes, he was virtually sure. In them was a combination of both guilt and excitement.

But what exactly was the situation? With regard to the Bilton Bodstock Teen Queen Contest? What was the exact state of play? Mrs Melanie Simmonds was wondering and so was daughter Tracy. And so also no doubt were various other hopeful mothers and daughters. You knew of course that there had to be a public contest, the contestants parading on the stage in the town hall with everyone watching, and then the three judges making their considered and momentous decision. Oh yes, you knew that. But you also knew, if you knew anything, that that was not how it really worked.

You knew that really the girl who won was the one who had most impressed the judges in private beforehand. Anyone who knew anything knew that that was how Beauty Contests were won. More to the point it was the one who had impressed the most important of the judges. Yes. And the most important in the Bilton Bodstock contest was without doubt Mr Eldridge. He had after all put up the money and so naturally he was the one who counted. In the same way that if it is your bat when you're playing cricket you expect to have a lengthy innings even if you do happen to be bowled out. All men and judges are not equal.

Yes, Mr Eldridge, he was the one, any mother with an ounce of sense knew that. Melanie Simmonds knew it. And Tracy, on her mother's instruction to be 'sweet and co-operative', had twice now obediently submitted to private examination sessions with Mr Eldridge. First in her own home and then again at Mr Eldridge's somewhat grander residence. Each time Tracy had co-operatively taken her clothes off and submitted to intimate inspection. Each time also she had submitted to having her bare bottom spanked which had been decidedly painful. All this had been quite acceptable as far as Mrs Melanie Simmonds was concerned — *if it meant Tracy was going to win*. But...was Tracy going to win?

Were there other mothers who had likewise been urging their daughters to be 'sweet and co-operative?' You could bet your last pound note (or coin) there were. Some mothers had no sense of shame for their daughters and equally some girls were no better than little sluts. What were they offering to Mr Eldridge? Or letting him do? The possibilities that Melanie Simmonds' active mind could conjure up sent shivers down her spine. What if dear Tracy, sweet and charming and with lovely boobs and a pert and shapely rear but also refined and modest, what if she had been showing it all off to Mr Eldridge and allowing his no doubt coarse groping and that unpleasant spanking of her bare bottom *all in vain*? Because Mr Eldridge, after his now two intimate sessions with Tracy, was still only saying 'Highly promising.' 'A very promising contestant.' It was easy to believe that other girls were at the least



TEEN QUEEN TRIALS



being told the same thing. The prize was not yet won.

Mr Eldridge of course wanted to see Tracy again and there seemed to be not a lot that Melanie could do except reiterate the advice to be sweet and co-operative and agreeable. Co-operative and agreeable to taking her clothes off and showing it all to Mr Eldridge and also showing her delectable bottom to be spanked. Yes, but then Melanie Simmonds thought of those other girls, of the undoubtedly sluttish variety. What were they allowing? Maybe it was now time to hint to Tracy that if anything further was alluded to by Mr Eldridge, Tracy should indicate that she was agreeable in these areas as well. Mr Eldridge it seemed had not up to this point made any suggestions in those areas but if he did Tracy, without warning, might be inclined to shy away, co-operativeness and agreeableness notwithstanding.

Not that Tracy was to behave in any way like a slut. But when one had to compete against sluts with their mothers no doubt urging them on and with the matter still in the balance one could perhaps not afford to be too shy and *too* ladylike. It might be that one needed to do somewhat unladylike things — although naturally still in a ladylike manner.

'What, Mum?' Tracy's pretty blue eyes widening. 'What...sort of things?'

'Oh Tracy, you know what sort of things. You are 18 after all.' It was not easy to spell it out, not to one's own daughter. And Melanie was sure that Tracy *did* know. She was anyway blushing which meant she was thinking of something. Melanie considered saying 'anything' but was that going too far? One could think of an almost infinite spectrum of possibilities. 'Almost anything' was what she settled for. Tracy's blush deepened.

But then Tracy's mother suddenly thought of that other tack that might profitably be pursued. Indicating that a girl was prepared to do *almost anything* would no doubt bring her up in the same area as the slut-like competitors as far as Mr Eldridge was concerned. But Mr Eldridge was not the only judge: there were those other two. And in a close run contest with nice girls doing *almost anything* and the sluts happily doing *anything at all*, well, the views of those other two could well tip the balance. Major Smithers and Mr Philpot.

Melanie experienced a nasty shiver as the thought occurred that perhaps those stop-at-nothing other mothers had already thought of this. She got up and went straight to the phone.

Mr Arthur Philpot was very happy to get Melanie Simmonds' phone call. Retired now from the law firm of Kimberwidge and Philpot, he was still a spry and vigorous man, keen to accept any pickings that came his way as a result of being on the Teen Queen judging

panel. Naturally it was James Eldridge's operation and he had to take pride of place. Arthur Philpot would not think therefore of ringing up girls or their mothers and suggesting private visits. James Eldridge could do this as it was his show but not the other two. But if a mother contact Mr Philpot herself and herself suggested a meeting...As Mrs Simmonds had done. As indeed a couple of other mothers had already done. Well, that was something else. It was no more than the decent thing to do to agree to it. James Eldridge would have no objection: he no doubt had already had his visits, meetings. Arthur Philpot was simply getting what was left. And very happy to do so.

'By all means, Mrs Simmonds. Would tomorrow be convenient?'

Mr Philpot lived in quite a large house, as big as Mr Eldridge's. Melanie Simmonds naturally took her daughter round there, after she had finished work. Nice girls did not visit strange men's houses without an escort, even if the strange man was a highly respected local figure. But although she was chaperoning Tracy she had no wish for Mr Philpot to feel inhibited. If he was going to get a favourable impression of Tracy he would not wish to feel inhibited. In the same way that when Mr Eldridge had visited the Simmonds home he had wanted to see Tracy alone, upstairs. At that time Melanie had first of all been hesitant, but had quickly *realised*.

She now gave Mr Philpot her most charming smile. 'I expect you'll want to see Tracy alone, Mr Philpot. I can wait here if that's all right. While you, ah, take her upstairs.'

What an understanding mother! And so charming and attractive too. Arthur Philpot smiled back.

'She's got her swimsuit with her. And her high heels.'

Tracy flushed prettily. She wasn't feeling as nervous as she had with Mr Eldridge, especially that first time. Getting more used to it now. Of course there was that business that her mother had been saying. Hinting at other things that a girl might be asked to do, besides taking her clothes off and submit to a bit of groping and also that painful and *embarrassing* bottom spanking. Almost anything, her mother had said. She was to be sweet and co-operative and agree to *almost anything*. But her mother hadn't been any more specific than that and Tracy naturally had not wanted to question further in what was clearly an embarrassing area. She would have to make her own judgement — but it seemed best to err on the safe side. With all those other girls whom her mother had stressed would do *absolutely anything*.

A smart and stylish bedroom. Mr Philpot closing the door behind them. Tracy gave a sweet smile. It did not do to be too shy, her mother had told her, not when up against some of those





others. 'Shall I take my clothes off, Mr Philpot?'

Should she! What an absolute charmer. Arthur Philpot at once gave the go-ahead. Blouse and skirt came demurely off. And a slip. Under that...Something special. On the advice of Tracy's mother who knew a thing or two about what gentlemen liked. Nylons and a suspender belt, changed into just 20 minutes earlier when Tracy got home from work. Oh yes. 'Keep them on until last,' her mother had further advised. 'They, uh, set off a girl's figure.' Indeed they did. Bra and dainty knickers were being equally demurely removed and there was Tracy in just sexy black suspender belt and nylons and high heels. A mouth-watering sight indeed. Firm, full, pink-nippled tits thrusting engagingly out at Mr Philpot and down below, centering those two slim black straps, a delicate blonde bush pointing at him as well. Oh my word yes.

Mr Philpot coming close, hands it-

ching and various parts of him twitching. The hands hotly investigating, as Mr Philpot, face pink, spoke. Questions. Tracy forcing a charming smile, remembering the advice not to be shy. Be co-operative. Sweetly agreeable. Almost anything. Don't be embarrassed, she told herself. She was after all 18. She had had *some* experience and a girl should be ready to learn.

What unfortunately hadn't properly got through to Tracy was that the 'almost anything' was meant for Mr Eldridge. Not the two junior members of the judging team.

Downstairs in the lounge Mrs Simmonds sat glancing at a magazine though in reality her thoughts were upstairs. Perhaps she should have been more specific regarding Mr Philpot and Major Smithers whom they were to see tomorrow. These two gentlemen were clearly not in the same position as Mr Eldridge. They were to be allowed to see Tracy. To see all of her. To as it were



whet their appetites for when she was up on the stage in front of them. But that was all. But still Tracy no doubt understood this.

No. Unfortunately Tracy had not understood that. Tracy of whom at that moment in the master bedroom only small parts could be seen. Arms, nyloned feet and lower legs. Part of the blonde head. Because Mr Philpot...Of Mr Philpot only the back view could be seen. He was being very energetic. Making gasping sounds. Of effort — or pleasure? Perhaps in fact both at the same time.

Melanie Simmonds, downstairs, glanced thoughtfully up at the ceiling. Though being a substantially built house there was no sound or any other indication of what might be taking place. Perhaps just as well. Some little time later the two reappeared: judge and contestant. The latter, fully clothed again, looked rather pink in the face. As for that matter did also Mr Philpot.

'All right, dear?' queried Tracy's

mother.

Tracy produced an embarrassed grin — as well she might. Mr Philpot spoke with high enthusiasm: 'Tracy is absolutely first rate. A lovely and talented girl. As far as I am concerned she has my vote here and now.'

Well you couldn't ask for better than that. How nice it would be if Mr Eldridge could be equally forthright. Melanie beamed with pleasure. In the car going back she put a few general questions but as Tracy had done so well did not press for too much detail. Tracy in fact seemed a bit subdued in spite of getting that high praise from Mr Philpot — which just went to show what a sweet and modest girl she was.

The next afternoon there was the second result of Melanie Simmonds' phone calls: a visit to Major Smithers. Somehow Tracy again got no more specific advice. Somehow events at Major Smithers' went very much as they had at Mr Philpot's. At least there was none



of that nasty spanking. Again Tracy performed with flying colours, and subsequently received glowing praise from the Major.

Things as far as Melanie Simmonds was concerned were certainly looking up. There was now a further visit to Mr Eldridge due. This time he wanted the hopeful contestant in tight running briefs plus a plain tee-shirt. 'Now remember what I said,' Mrs Simmonds reminded her daughter. 'This time you can, er, be a little freer. If Mr Eldridge indicates anything. Not like with those other two.'

Tracy looked a bit blank. 'What, mum?'

'Tracy please, we have discussed it. You know what I mean.'

Tracy shook her head. Yes she did know, or she thought she did. But those others... 'But the other two, mum...'

'What about them, dear?'

Tracy shook her head again. It wasn't at all easy to spell it out. But surely her mother *knew*. Had told her to... Another shake of the head. 'You know, mum.'

Melanie Simmonds didn't, but very shortly she did. Tracy somehow managing to explain, more or less, what had taken place in the bedrooms of Mr Philpot and Major Smithers. 'You told me to, mum. *Almost anything* you said and I thought...'

There was nothing to be said. It was, presumably, done. An objective view might well be that Tracy had behaved as sluttishly as any of the other could

possibly behave. Well, two men in successive afternoons... words failed her poor mother: it was difficult to put any kind of gloss on it. What could be said? What Melanie Simmonds did finally say was, 'I hope at least you were ladylike, Tracy.'

Had Tracy been ladylike in her performance? She looked dubious, not really knowing a lot about such matters. 'I... I think so, mum.'

That left Mr Eldridge. 'What about Mr Eldridge, mum?' It seemed as well to get things straight this time. Melanie Simmonds bit her lip. In the circumstances what could a mother say?

Mr Eldridge was Mr Eldridge. He unfortunately did like that spanking. Which hurt. This time he spanked Tracy with his hand and then with a slipper which hurt even more. And after that? Was Mr Eldridge going to want more this time? The same as the others? No, it seemed not. He made her kneel on the carpet, upright, hands on head. Then he told her. Oh golly! It took a little while for it to register properly. But her mother had said, this time, after some thought, '*Anything* I suppose, Tracy.'

It clearly came under the heading of 'Anything'. And Mr Eldridge was now saying, 'You'll be my Number One candidate, Tracy.'

Well that was something. And if she was Number One in everyone's book how could Tracy Simmonds fail?

MR WILTON SEES THE LIGHT



Poor Elaine! The *pain!* That *cane!*

Devastated! How could it be happening! To *her!* Spread over Mr Wilton's desk and clutching onto the far edge for *dear life*. As...

'Aaaaiieeeeehhhh!'

She had thought of it before of course. What it would be like. Picturing the others — Deborah, Suzanne, Kirsty — all with those tell-tale spangles on their knickers in gym. Noting when one spangle became two; when three became four. Imagining it: that little ceremony in Mr Wilton's office which produced the extra spangle. Imagining it with a shiver down her spine. Because Elaine knew, girls talked, in hushed tones, but they talked. And she knew Mr Wilton's office of course. So she could picture the scene, had pictured it. 'Take your skirt off. Take your knickers down...' But never ever had she thought.

Because Elaine knew she was a model student. It was only by chance that she was here at all, at St Hilary's College which specialised in failed A-Level girls. Elaine would not have failed her A levels except that she had been ill and missed a lot of classes. But since arriving at St Hilary's she had been an absolute model of behaviour, an excellent student and so charming and well conducted that no one could find a word against her.

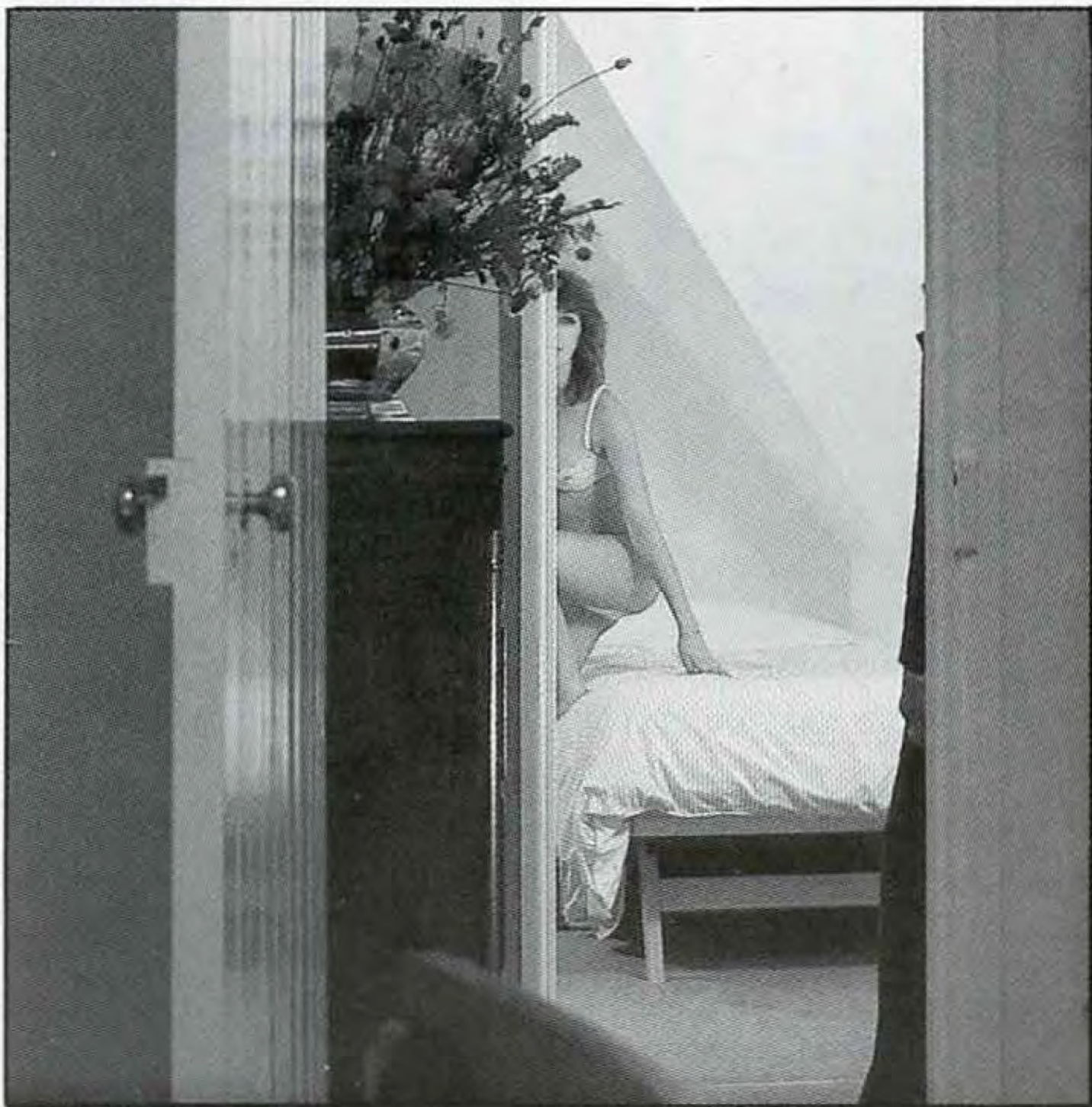
Mr Wilton of course had desired her in terms of his cane because he desired any attractive girl in that respect. It was part of his innate feeling for discipline. Elaine might have guessed that but it was generally accepted that Mr Wilton was a fair man, he wouldn't do it for no reason. So Elaine had felt quite confident that in contrast to other unfortunate girls she, Elaine Puckwell, would never find herself in that breath-stopping situation. She had been able to view it all with a certain detached, even smug, air.

Until today. Ten minutes ago. When here in Mr Wilton's office he had said...It was so horrendous that it was still impossible to believe it. Except that...

'Aaaieekkk!'

Except that it was happening all right. 'No! Please...' Elaine heard herself frantically gasp. To be answered by Mr Wilton's firm, clearly excited voice:

'Keep still, Elaine. Show me that you're able to take it, like the other girls. You must take your punish-



ment. We can't have slacking.'

How could Sidney Wilton say these words? Knowing that it was quite untrue, that Elaine had not been slacking in gym at all. When he had always prided himself on never caning a girl without a proper legitimate reason? The answer was that Sidney Wilton was feeling no qualms at all: no sense of shame or guilt. Just a feeling of high exhilaration, of sublime pleasure, and also of tension gone, a cloud lifted from him. He had been agonising for so long, fighting with his conscience against the overwhelming desire to get at this delicious girl's bottom. And now he had finally broken through all that and simply *done it*. The result: indescribably marvellous.

CRACK!

'Aaeooooowwwhhh!'

He could indeed go on for ever, or at least all evening, but he stopped at six, his usual number. A girl could take six at a go without real difficulty although they were usually sure they couldn't. He pulled Elaine up from the desk. Six nice red stripes across her lovely bottom: a sight he had at times despaired of ever seeing. Were those tears in the big blue eyes as she stood on wobbly knees, one hand on the desk for support and the other covering her privacy? Certainly the full red lips were quivering in a somewhat uncontrolled manner.

'Stand up straight, Elaine. Hands at your sides.'

The hand in front reluctantly came away from what it was covering. The knickers of course were still down round the thighs. A heady sight.

'All right, my dear? Still stings a bit, does it?'

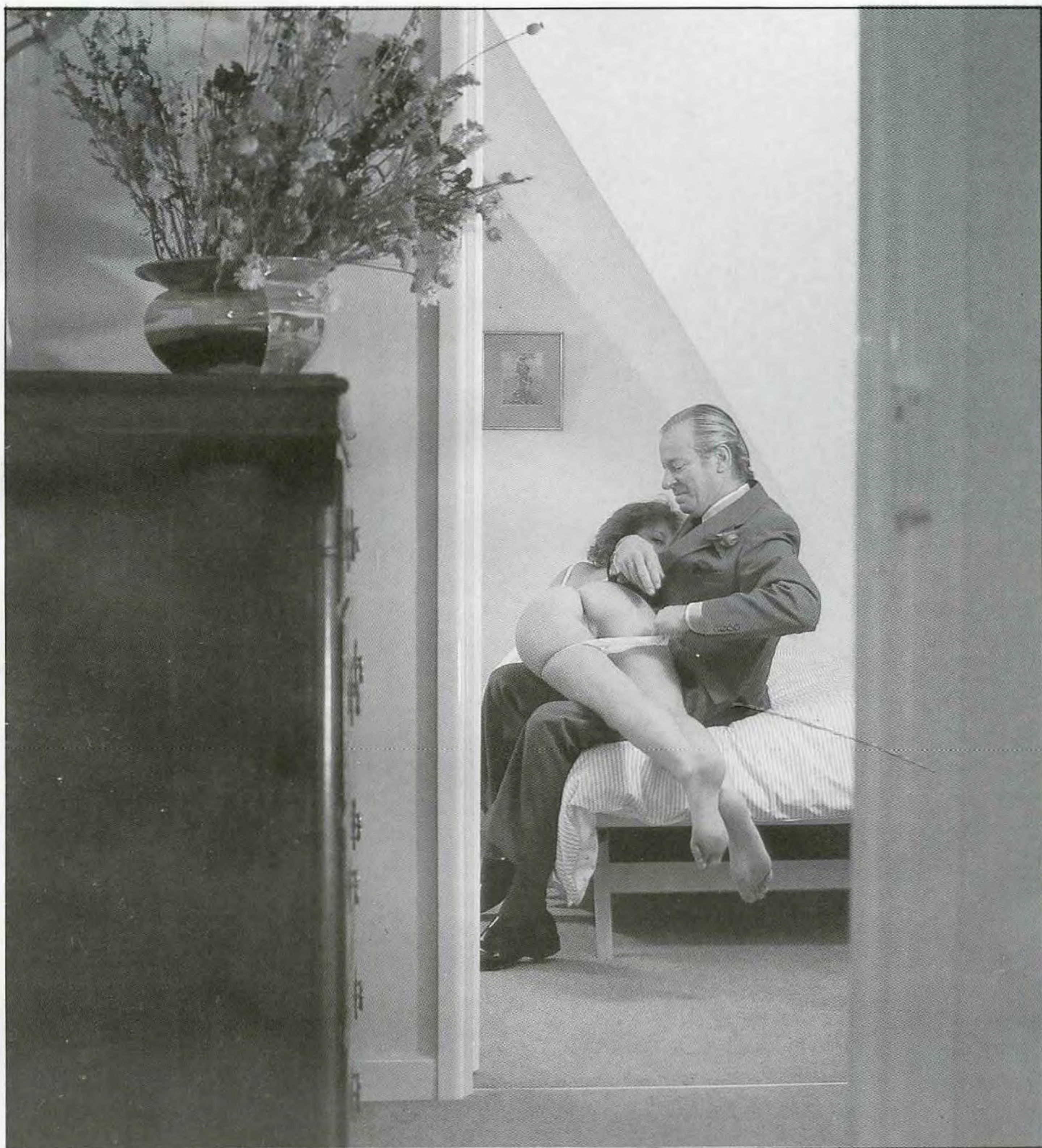
A strangled sobbing sound. Actual words were not possible. The stinging pain was diabolical, scarcely bearable still, but there was also the fierce sense of injustice. She *hadn't* been slacking in gym. She *couldn't* believe Mr Burt had said she was. Mr Burt was always friendly to her — as indeed were all the other masters. As Mr Wilton had been in the past. Until now. For no reason...

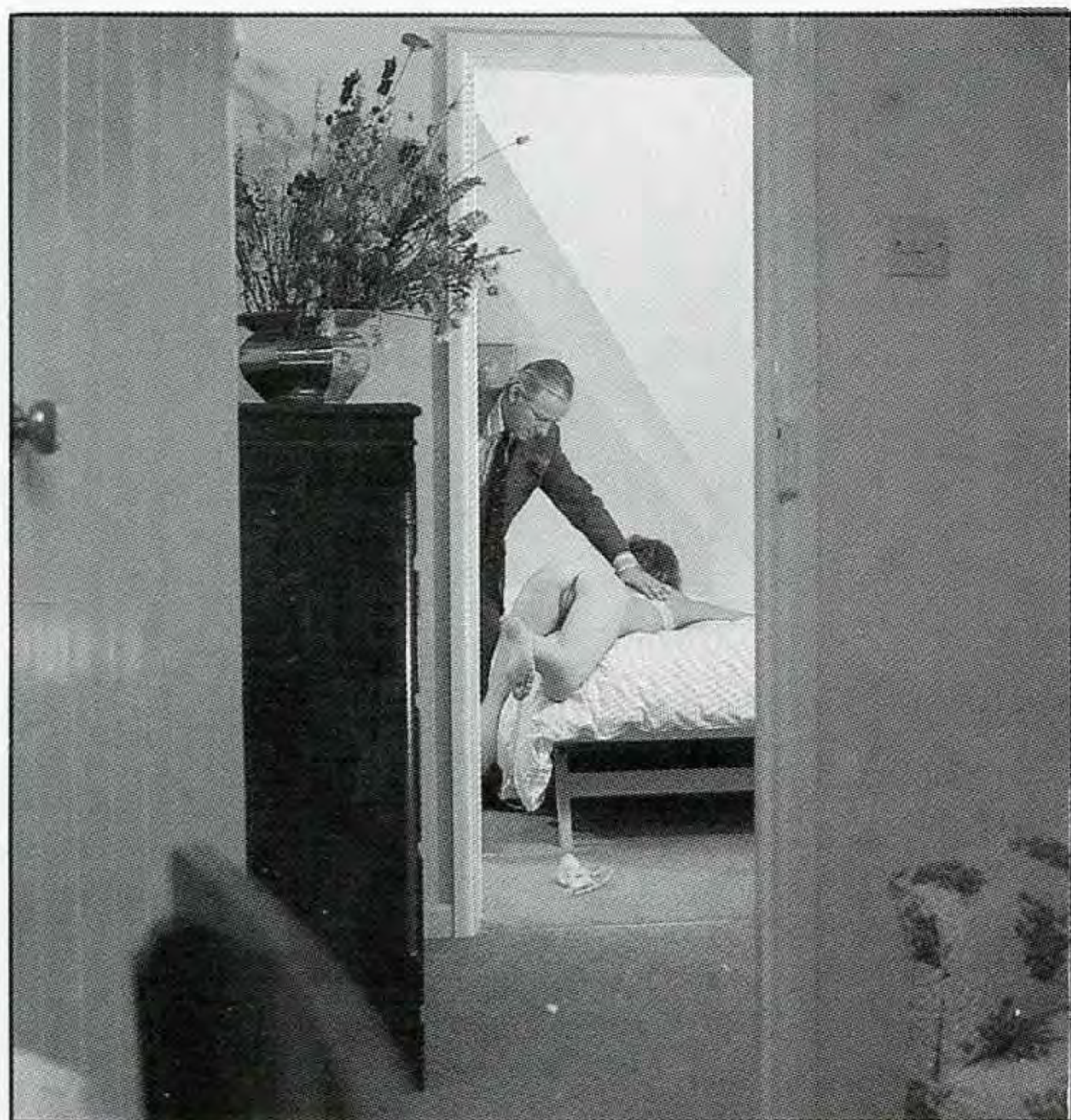
Yes tears *were* now rolling down the darling cheeks.

'Don't take it to heart, my dear. You've taken your punishment and it's over now. You can pull up your knickers and put your skirt back on.' A last lingering look at the neat black bush, which for so long he had pictured but not seen, then Sidney Wilton went over to his cupboard. The spangle box. Counting out six.

'You know where to sew them, of course, Elaine. You've seen the others. And I should like to see you in the morning, first thing. Just to, er, check everything's all right.'

Sewing the spangles on her pink





knickers up in her room after supper. One spangle on each pair, right hand lower front. Where all the other girls had spangles but Elaine had been quite confident she never would. Tears again coming to her eyes. *The thought* of it. And the thought especially of next gym class. When everyone would see. Elaine Puckwell had at last been caned! There would be excited whispers, and commiserations. But in fact they would all be *pleased. Delighted.* Elaine Puckwell brought down to earth.

She would go and see Mr Burt, that was what she would do. Challenge him to say that he really had reported her for slacking. He wouldn't lie. And then if he said No she would go back to Mr Wilton and *accuse him.* Yes that was what she would do.

But even if she did that...the spangles were there on Elaine's knickers. She *had* been caned.

She saw Mr Burt the next morning. After of course having to go to Mr Wilton's office again. And submit to what she knew was his regular after-caning ritual. Take her knickers down and let him check her bottom, supposedly to confirm that all was well following the caning, but in reality, so they all said, just so he could fiddle about a bit again. And have another good look.

Elaine submitted to it all tight-lipped. She was going to see Mr Burt and then she was going to *confront* Mr Wilton.

James Burt was in an awkward position. As he had been when Mr Wilton had come to him and insisted on a statement that Elaine had not been working properly in gym. Clearly one could not afford to oppose the principal's wishes but it meant telling an outright lie about the charming and lovely girl for she always performed precisely as required. And moreover there was the reason why Mr Wilton wanted the false statement: simply so that he could cane this lovely girl. James Burt knew that. The thought produced a nasty twinge in his insides. He had been able to think of nothing else since. The thought was sickening, almost sacrilegious. But at the same time...*exciting.*

Yes, the thought of Sidney Wilton caning this marvellous girl had been tremendously exciting. It gave James Burt an erection. Shameful, but it did. He had thought about it many times since the principal had forced that false statement from his lips and every time, virtually, he had got an erection. *Most* shameful but there it was. And here it was again now, this morning, with the sweet girl herself in his office. An enormous erection in fact, as big as any man had ever

had, it felt like. It was indeed fortunate he was sitting down, behind his desk and he certainly couldn't stand up. The thought of it: this sweet girl standing before him bending over Sidney Wilton's desk with her skirt off and her pink knickers down. Oh dear, it was almost too much.

What she was saying of course was about that very thing. The pretty face pink with indignation and also perhaps embarrassment. Oh dear. Oh dear. What with Elaine's hotly accusing face and his acknowledged guilt and his shameful erection as well James Burt was in something of a state. What could a man do?

Well what *could* he do? Shaking his head sorrowfully. 'I didn't *actual-*ly, Elaine...Well not really...But you see, Mr Wilton...We all have to...I mean he *is* the principal, isn't he? And if he, er, wants...' They were weaselly words. But what else?

'You lied, didn't you.' Elaine's voice trembling. Eyes blinking with threatening tears. 'You lied. Just so that...'

James Burt stumbling to his feet, enormous erection or not. To put comforting arms round the distressed girl. And also...Oh dear!...the intimate contact. Which was almost too much. Elaine shaking her head, crying now. At the perfidiousness of men. Mr Wilton; Mr Burt. Perfidious Mr Burt was in fact surreptitiously lifting her skirt. To take hold, in a comforting way of course, of that choice bottom which had been so sorely, so unfairly, treated.

* * * *

No, there was not a lot Elaine could do about it, other than accept the situation. Life was not fair: it is a lesson we all have to learn. And if Mr Wilton — and Mr Burt — didn't want to be fair what could she do? That hateful spangle on her knickers in gym, with all the others beside themselves. 'Oh Elaine, what was it for?'

Just managing not to cry again. Trembly-lipped, telling them the truth. 'Bloody Burt said I was slacking when I bloody wasn't.'

'Oh no, Elaine, of course you weren't.' Chorus of sympathetic voices. When you knew they really thought: *bloody marvellous.*

Yes the gym class was awful, as bad in its way as the actual caning. Mr Wilton came in near the end, as was his wont, to watch. His eyes keenly on the energetic girls. But especially on Elaine and her brand new spangle.

Because what now for Sidney Wilton? He had finally done it, got past that mental block which had caused him so much anguish. Did





that mean it was all over and he could forget it? No it did not. He had done it but right away he wanted to do it again. Already. There wasn't that feeling of tension now but there was the feeling of even stronger desire for that heavenly pleasure. He had experienced it. He simply wanted more.

And he had got over that inhibition.

In fact Sidney Wilton seemed to have got over all his inhibitions. He had always caned in his office, at the college, but he had always *fancied* caning at his home. At the weekend, say, when his wife was out. He had thought about it but scarcely considered it seriously. There were bound to be problems — prying neighbours, for instance, immediately came to mind. But now he wondered: *why not?* Why should he be embarrassed by the thought of taking a girl home, say Friday even-

ing and have her stay overnight. In that cosy little spare room. And then at his leisure deliver an invigorating caning. Well why not?

Deborah Milford: he would try it with her first. He did — and it was truly delightful. No problems: no importunate neighbours banging at the door demanding to know what he was up to. Nothing. Just the sweet girl in that cosy little room, gasping, yelping, as he used first his hand and then his trusty cane. Simply marvellous. And afterwards, when she was in the bath...More heady pleasure for Sidney Wilton. And likewise more unpleasantness for Deborah.

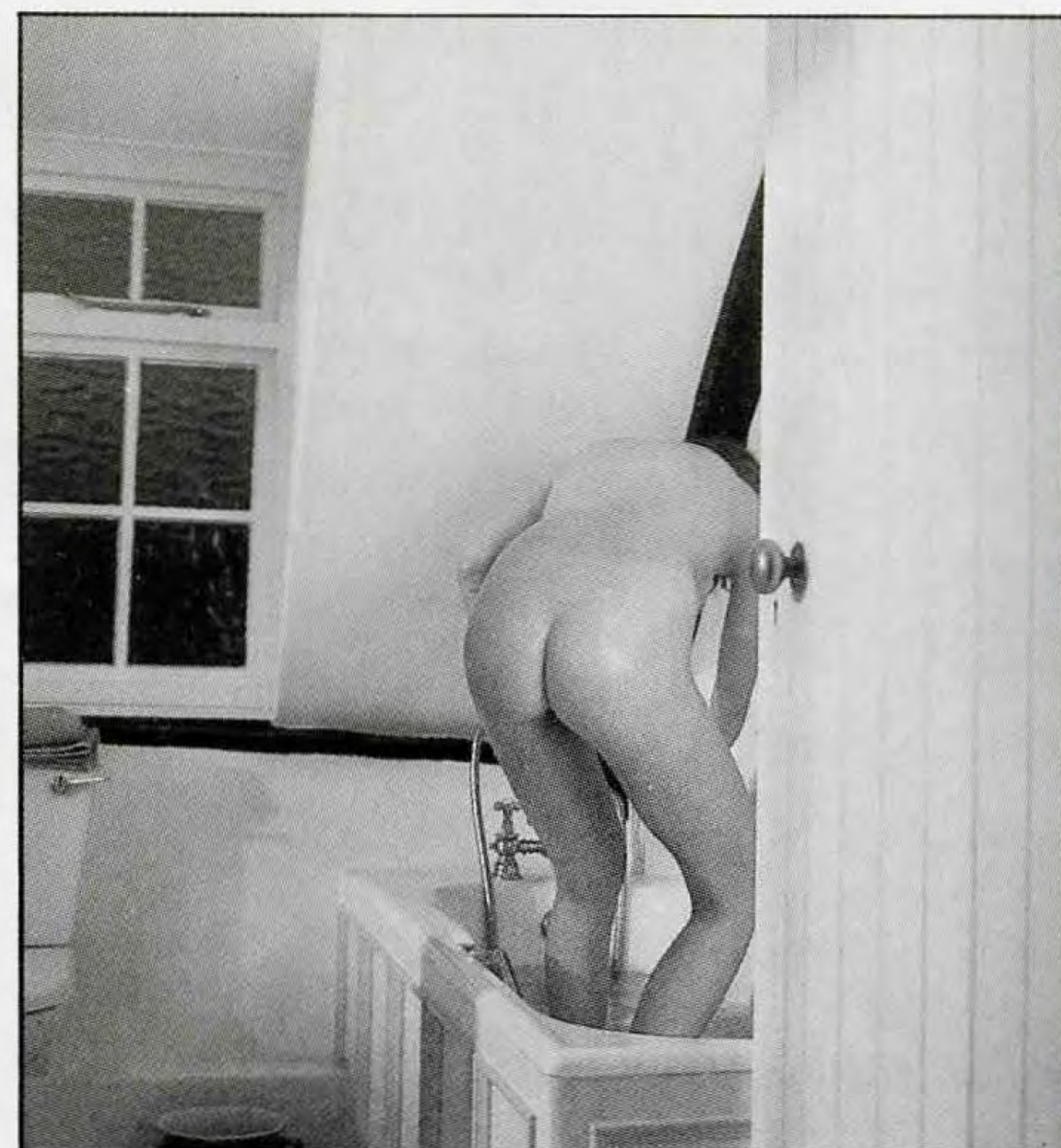
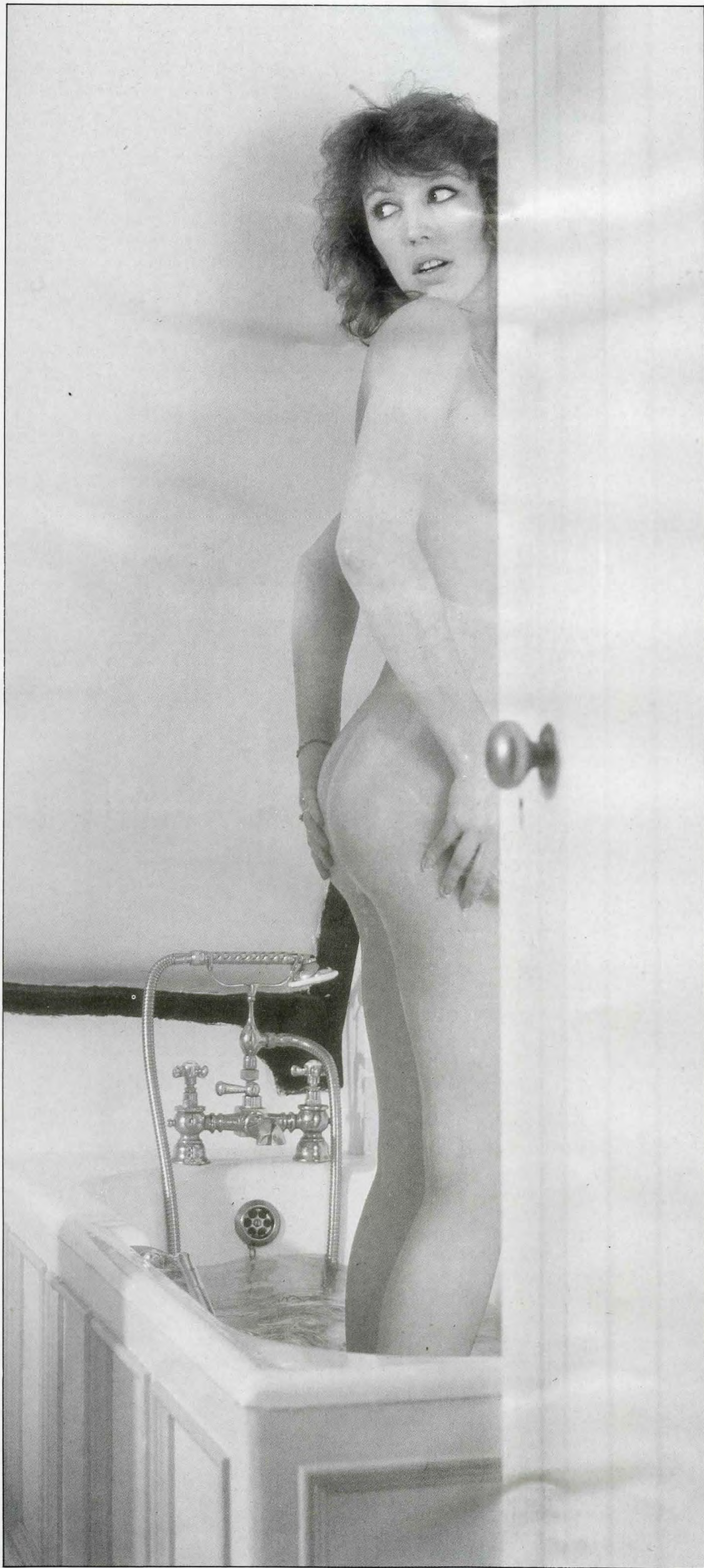
And Deborah's crime, which led to her unhappy overnight stay with the principal? Nothing really. 'A little general slackness, I think,' he had observed. The same as with Elaine in effect but this time not even

bothering to get one of the staff to back him up. Because Sidney Wilton *had* quite lost his inhibitions. Well, he was the principal, wasn't he? And if he decided that a girl needed it, did he have to justify his action? No he didn't. And so...

And so Elaine was shortly on an overnight stay; to get her second spangle. And not long afterwards her third. Suzanne got her seventh. Kirsty her sixth. And Jackie Cutler who was supposed to be protecting herself with those extra tuition sessions at Mr Youngley's, found that was no longer having any effect. She was being made to go anyway. Which was bad news for Mr Youngley.

'He's caning me anyway,' she dolefully informed him. 'So I don't want any more special tuition, what's the point?'

Well what was the point?





FEED BACK

Dear Editor,
For all those readers who keep asking for pictures of real girls who suffer punishment on their very deserving little bums, I dedicate the enclosed photograph of my niece.

I could not resist snapping her as she lay sunning herself in my garden displaying so prominently that portion of her anatomy I have up until quite recently used as a place of correction. Jane is now twenty plus and her spanking days are regrettably over, but she still jokes about uncle's old-fashioned methods of discipline. I well remember the first time, not long ago, Jane found out that Uncle was not like Dad.

She had come to stay for the week. A telling off about using bad language produced more of same which ended up with one very surprised young madam face down over uncle's knee getting the well filled seat of her jeans soundly spanked with one of the same's slippers. Surprisingly our relationship has recently developed into a very close one in spite of this early set back.

Over the years since leaving school, Jane has stayed with us frequently, and I suppose she has been spanked roughly every third visit. I always used a slipper on her and removed

clothing according to the seriousness of her offence. Most spankings were given across jeans or skirt, a number were given on her knickers or py-jamas. I can only recall a few occasions when I took down Jane's knickers and slipped her on her bare bottom. Jane still remembers these vividly and pulls a face if I mention them. Certainly they were the only time she had to be held down by her Aunt whilst I thrashed her.

Jane was nineteen and a half when I last punished her. Her Aunt said she was too old for such treatment but Jane was determined to go out that night to a disco and the alternative was a 'gateing', so at her instigation she was spanked.

I suppose her Aunt was right, I thoroughly enjoyed every minute of her punishment, as she is by now very much the young lady. She made a memorable picture as she bent over the back of a bedroom chair with her skirt up around her waist and her ample bottom very inadequately covered with a tiny pair of Tanga briefs. The dozen or so strokes with my trusty slipper left Jane with a bottom as red as her seductive underwear, and I could guarantee that no young man, however bold, would get a look at that, that night.

Well I am afraid I have rambled on somewhat: anyway I hope the picture is printable and yes, Jane *has* been spanked in those shorts.

J.S., Leighton Buzzard

Dear Blushes,
I have just got hold of Blushes 22 and had to write to congratulate you on the best issue yet!!

The series of photos 'Report of the Proceedings' was superb, and I loved the humiliation of young Lucy Collins by making her serve the tea in just that tiny pair of panties — soon to be removed for the caning. Young Miss Collins has a gorgeous body — please let's see more of her. It's a pity we never discover what Mr Waldrige intended to do with 'a length of ribbon or rope in conjunction with a pair of knickers.' For what I would do with a length of rope please consider the following 'Readers Request.'

I would love to see Lucy Collins dressed only in very special punishment knickers made from a single length of rope. The rope is first tied tightly around her slim waist with the

knot at the back — just above the cleavage of her buttocks. The free rope is then passed down between her legs and brought up to the front where it is tied to the front of the rope already circling her waist and pulled as tight as possible. The rope should be about half an inch thick and as coarse and 'hairy' as possible. Any movement will now be rather uncomfortable, but Miss Collins is put through an intense P.T. session wearing the rope 'G-string' before being caned or birched on her totally exposed bottom.

There is something very slave-like in this rope garment (if one can call it that). It can be augmented by tying a similar length of rope around her breasts (just as tight) to make a very novel and uncomfortable bikini. Imagine her parading before the next meeting dressed like that!

But now to the main point of this letter. The *incredible* letter from JPW which you featured under the title some like it hot. His ideas on the humiliation and punishment possibilities of girls' breasts were very thought provoking. I do not know, as you had to edit his letter, exactly what he meant by 'tit dipping,' but I would suggest the following possibility for a photo story in Blushes based on his ideas.

A very pretty teenage girl about 18 years old is led into a room at one end of which sits a group of middle-aged men — the 'punishment panel' which oversees the correction of girls such as she. She wears a very short mini-skirt, a loose PT vest and a pair of high-heeled shoes. She looks apprehensively at a table which stands in the centre of the room, on which are placed two very large thermos flasks, two pyrex basins (about 6 to 8 inches in diameter) and a cruel-looking cat of nine tails.

The Punishment Officer stands behind her and reads out her offences to the 'bench'. They tell him to 'Proceed' and all the men smile and leer as she is made to take her vest off. She tries to cover her firm 36" breasts but is ordered to put her hands on her head and keep them there. She is made to stand in front of the table, and the punishment officer, having adjusted the position of the bowls, opens one of the flasks and pours into each of them iced water until they are full to the brim.

The Chairman of the bench says 'Now, young lady, you will bend forward and dip your breasts right into the bowls and keep them there until told to rise.' Still with her hands

on her head, she very reluctantly bends forward until her lovely boobs are completely submerged, the rim of each bowl pressing against her ribs. She gasps — the water is so cold! The camera would linger on the look of shock on her face before going behind her to show that her position has caused her mini-skirt to ride up and reveal that her bottom is bare. After only 30 seconds or so she can stand it no longer and straightens up. The men are furious and having topped the bowls up again she is made to resume the punishment, but this time the punishment officer undoes the catch on her skirt and lets it drop around her ankles. He then picks up the cat and delivers six very hard strokes to her bottom and thighs. Her boobs freeze while her bottom scorches! After three long minutes she is allowed to straighten up. The bowls are emptied and then filled again from the second flask — hot water (not so hot as to scald but very uncomfortable). The punishment is repeated, including six more strokes from the cat. When it is over she is made to present her breasts to each of the men in turn for inspection.

JPW asks about pussy punishment — the 'dipping' idea can be modified by making a naked girl sit in a bowl of iced or hot water. Another, more subtle punishment, (based on the Chinese Water Torture) is to use a simple drip. A plastic bucket has a very small hole pierced in the bottom and is then hung from a ceiling hook. The girl to be punished is made to strip naked and is then ordered to get into a shoulder stand position directly beneath the bucket. Her legs are spread as wide as possible. The bucket is filled with whatever temperature of water is required and a steady drip begins, one per second. The girl is obliged to remain in such a position so that the drip falls directly onto her pussy, which for maximum effectiveness should have been shaved. When sufficient 'pussy punishment' has been applied, she may then be moved so that succeeding drips fall wherever else imagination would have them fall, bearing in mind the position which the girl must maintain.

A bucket full of water may drip for nearly an hour, so for most effective use of this technique the device illustrated may easily be constructed*.

H.J.

** Sorry! Have discovered I can't draw it — a simple timber frame from which the girl can be dangled so that she finds it impossible to avoid the drip hitting target.*

EAST SUSSEX AREA (Location 3) EASTBOURNE SUSSEX

Director of Studies Stanley Millbank

**Mr Albert Musgrove
c/o The Editor
Blushes
43 Lower Addiscombe Road
Croydon CR0 6PQ**

21st August 1986

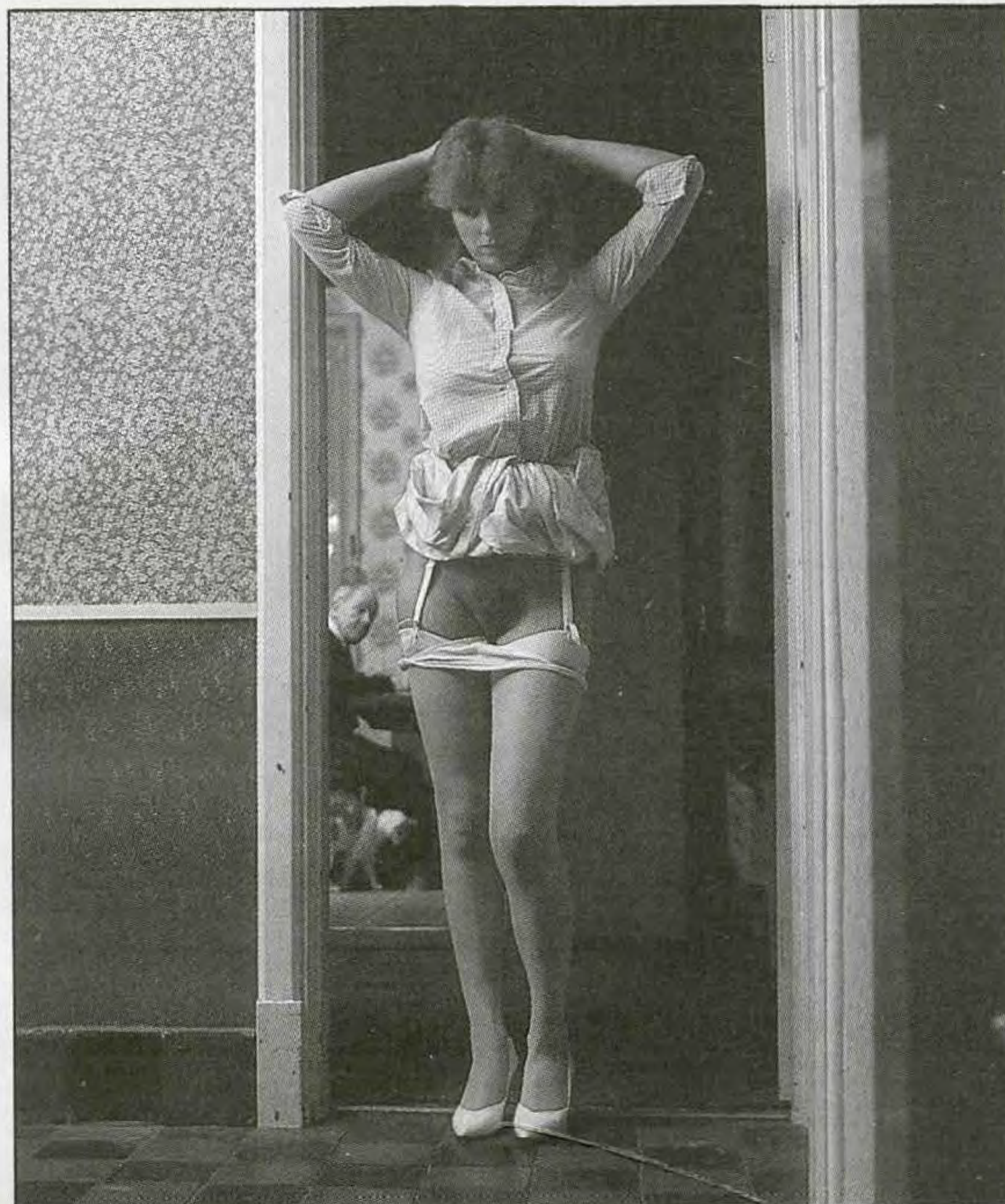
21st August 1989

**Our Ref Trainee 89/4
Your Ref Edition 19
(Pages 4-11; 20-25; 40-47)**

Dear Mr Musgrove,
We are now coming to the end of the training period for the young woman, Julie Atkins, for whom you were the main sponsor and it occurred to me that you may care to visit us here next week-end to assess her progress.

It is difficult to say whether Julie has improved during her stay with me; certainly in the spheres of manners, obedience and humility she is now very well trained, but her actual abilities are still somewhat suspect. It may well be that her powers of concentration are at fault and that the fear of punishment for failure in a given task so concerns her that it makes it impossible for her to devote her mind completely to that task, thus making failure and consequential retribution inevitable. However I am sure you will find that my training methods have produced a suitably submissive if not particularly efficient young woman, and with Miss Atkins' ample physical attributes this in itself may be enough to satisfy you and her future husband.

I wonder if you would consider therefore visiting us here next week-end, arriving mid-morning Saturday which would give us the whole afternoon to assess Julie's performance in household duties, self control and obedience. What I have in mind for the evening was a small dinner party. As you know we place much importance on the ability of the prospective young wife to be able to cope with entertaining at home and I feel that your visit would be an ideal opportunity to put Julie to the test on this aspect of her training. Perhaps you could arrange to be joined here at 7.00 pm by two friends and I will arrange for one of my own associates — a Mr Henry





Kingway also to attend which, together with Julie herself, will make us six in number which is ideal for the purpose of this experiment.

With the wonders of modern science to assist her — microwave ovens and ready-prepared food, Julie should be able to attend to the greeting of her guests and pre-dinner drinks and still have time to prepare and serve the meal at around 7.30 p.m. I had originally considered a later time but on reflection I feel that this earlier hour will be more beneficial as it will give more time during the meal for us and the other gentlemen there present to comment on Julie's performance and reprimand where necessary.

After the meal, which I would envisage ending around 9.30, Julie can clear away and join us again at 10 o'clock in the drawing room when we could go over in detail her conduct throughout the evening as a whole, and offer praise if merited or helpful advice on any short-comings, or indeed further correction if such discipline as was administered during the course of the meal was not considered by us all to be sufficient.

As you know this is a large house and if you feel it would be useful in the furtherance of Julie's training, perhaps you and your guests would consider staying overnight. I am sure she would find the experience invaluable should she, in future years be called upon to entertain a house party in her capacity as your nephew's wife — particularly one where you would be an overnight guest. This would also give you an opportunity to see at first hand the high standard of hygiene under which we operate, with trainees being required to bath or shower and present themselves for inspection prior to retiring each night; and it would also enable you — knowing your keen interest in the welfare of the young woman in question — to have a private talk to her in the privacy of your own room when she performs her last task of the day, bringing you a bedtime drink. I would request however that you do not detail her too long as it will be necessary for her to rise early the following morning to prepare breakfast for us all.

It is our normal custom here for pre-breakfast physical exercises to be carried out by our trainees, however because of the particular circumstances applying over this weekend it will possibly be best to postpone Julie's gymnastic display until after we have breakfasted. Fortunately, the breakfast room has a



large picture window and is directly adjacent to the patio area where physical exercises are carried out, so we will be able to observe Julie going through her routine without undue discomfort to ourselves even if the weather is inclement.

If you could arrange for your guests to depart mid-morning this would give you the afternoon to spend with Julie on your own. You could take her to the beach or alternatively you may care to visit Mr Kingway, whom you will have met the previous evening, and who has a large house nearby with considerable private grounds. Should you so wish Julie could prepare a picnic for you all to enjoy in the tranquil seclusion of the woods. If you could then arrange to have Julie back here by 7.30 p.m. this would give you ample time to return to town, and would give me a chance to discuss with her the weekend's performance in detail prior to her retiring to bed.

I believe the original purpose of Julie's training was to assess her suitability as a future wife for your nephew, and should you feel that after what you have seen here that you will not be able to recommend to the young man that he goes ahead with the marriage, then it may interest you to know that under the auspices of The Girls Training Scheme I operate a small employment agency where we are well-equipped to find suitable posts for our ex-trainees — mainly in domestic service, assisting in the running of the households of some of my personal friends and acquaintances, for which Julie would seem to be an ideal candidate.

I note from the file that Julie's parents are at present abroad and that you and your nephew's family are acting *in loco parentis* at the moment with regard to the girl's future. It must be pointed out however that the households in which we place our girls operate under the same high standards of discipline as the Girls Training Scheme establishments, and should Julie fail to meet the required level of performance at any time then she would be expected to accept correction from her employer in a manner similar to that which she has experienced here.

You would of course be kept fully advised of any remedial action which had been taken, and unfortunately as her 'sponsor in employment' you would be required to attend periodically to observe Julie undergoing such correction. I appreciate that this would be most

distressing for you, knowing your keen personal interest in the young woman, and indeed it is not inconceivable that a major fault or consistent failure on the girl's part could be considered as a gross lack of respect for you as her sponsor, in which case you yourself would be asked to deal with the matter of punishment personally. Although I know this would be a most onerous task for you, the thought of it should not deter you from recommending, in the girl's own best interests, that we place Julie in employment should your nephew and the other members of his family concerned, decide after hearing your report on your visit here that it would be best to terminate the engagement.

I do hope that you will be able to visit us, and await your reply so that I may make the necessary arrangements at this end.

Yours sincerely,

Stanley Millbank
Director of Studies
(Location 3)
East Sussex Area
Girls Training Scheme



CURTAIN CALL

She was still in her stage outfit; white top and mini, very mini, red leather skirt, slim, quite tall, with long blonde hair. I set the video to record and adjusted the contrast on the monitor screen. She was standing with her back to the camera, stretching up to reach some records from our collection on the upper shelf. For a moment, she turned, face to camera. Julie... Julie Davies. Her address and personal details were listed on the file on the desk. Slipping the catch on the stage-door, I retraced my steps downstairs to the Technical Stores. Just as I left my office, a final glimpse of the screen showed Julie pushing a bundle of records into her canvas shoulder-bag.

Reaching the store-room, I looked through the narrow strip of wired glass in the door panel. The corridor lights were off, so the girl was unaware of my presence. Quietly, the key turned in the lock and the tumblers fell silently into place.

Back up in the office, I could see that Julie was about to leave. She moved towards the door, and I panned the camera remotely, zooming-in a little so that her young form filled the screen. She slipped her bag over her shoulder and turned the door handle. Surprise, surprise! She turned it again and tugged at it. Then, stepping back a little, she ran her fingers through her hair, looking perplexed. She tried again, pulling and pushing at the door. Then she hammered her fist against it, throwing in a kick for good measure.

Looking worried, she walked back towards the centre of the room. I followed with the camera, hoping the motor drive wouldn't attract her attention. It didn't. Another attempt to open the door, and then she sat down, cross-legged on the floor, pondering her plight, no doubt. Again, I waited.

It was a good ten minutes later that Julie finally gave up. The focus wasn't too good, but she looked close to tears. My hands sweating slightly, I pressed the intercom button. 'Yes, Julie. The door is locked.' She jumped at

the sound of my voice and looked round, searching for its source. 'The camera is above the large filing cabinet, Julie. I've been watching you, and everything's being recorded on video. Theatre policy, you know.'

She jumped to her feet, walking towards the camera. She stared into its cold eye. 'Please... Please... I'm locked in. Can you let me out?' I played a waiting game again. She asked again. 'Please, whoever you are, I must go. I've got... got an appointment.' This time I replied. 'Yes, my dear, you have — With the police.' She stood stock still, quite stunned. 'I'm calling them now, and I'll give them the key. They can let you out when they get here.' The girl grabbed her shoulder-bag, intending no doubt to return the records. 'Don't bother, Julie, I'll give them the video tape as well.' She dropped her bag. 'Look, please... Can't we talk about this... please.' I hoped she'd suggest that. I paused again for effect. 'Alright, I'll come down; but don't try anything; the recorder is still running.'

I tried to walk slowly, and locked up the office before heading downstairs yet again. I reached the door, and unlocked it. She met me as I entered the room, looking scared and trapped.

There was just one desk in the room. I sat down behind it and placed my hands on its surface. 'Well, you wanted to talk.' She looked stunningly pretty. Quietly and falteringly she pleaded with me. Her Equity Card was at stake if she didn't turn up for a curtain call at the Empire tonight. She hadn't been working professionally for long. She'd die if the police were called in. 'The Evening paper would have a field day, wouldn't they?' I added. 'Show girl steals from theatre.'

'Look... please. I'll do... anything. Can't we sort it out here... without telling anyone else. I'll never steal again... honest...'

I shook my head. 'There's no way, really there isn't. I can't be sure that you wouldn't steal again, and if it was ever

discovered that I had turned a blind eye to your actions, my own job would be at risk.' It was her turn to shake her head. 'No... no... I wouldn't do it again, I promise.' I sat back and looked at her. 'But I can't be sure, can I. I would have to be absolutely sure. I would have to make sure before I let you leave here.'

She picked up her bag and gave it to me. 'Look... just five records. That's all. I promise you it won't happen ever again.' I ignored the records. 'The only way I could let you go tonight, is to make sure, here and now, that you never steal again. That means teaching you a lesson you'll never forget.' Julie looked faintly hopeful at my tone, looking for a compromise, a way out. 'I'm sure that's a phrase you've heard before?' I suggested. She nodded. 'That's all I ever used to hear from my mom.'

Perfect! She was leading the conversation better than I could! 'If you were my daughter, you wouldn't dare steal.' I commanded quietly. 'Anyway, what did your mother do when you misbehaved?' Julie blushed a little, adding to her nervousness. 'She... she spanked me...' she admitted, coyly. 'Right. So if I spanked you... hard enough to teach you a lesson, I could let you go?' Julie realised the trap. 'Oh... but... you're...' I stood up, and rattled the keys nonchalantly. 'Never mind then, I'll pop up to the office and call the police.' The threat had the desired result. 'No... wait... alright.'

I outlined her predicament clearly and carefully. If her stealing was made public, her career would be set back, if not curtailed, and the publicity would be damaging to her and her family. Her only option was a good sound spanking, here in the privacy of a deserted theatre. Shyly, she nodded in agreement.

I moved my chair away from the desk and patted my knee. 'Come on, young lady. Over my knee please.' Julie stood quite still. 'Come on. It's your choice. The most sensible thing you can do is to accept your punishment right now, and get it over with.' Slowly she came towards me and



lowered herself awkwardly over my lap. 'Oh this is terrible,' she said quietly, perhaps to herself. I lifted her slightly, around her hips, moving her into an acceptable position, her thinly-covered bottom high up above my lap, her long sun-tanned legs straight.

It was then that I remembered the camera. 'Just a moment. There's something I've got to do upstairs.' A little bewildered, she raised herself, a little shaken by the apparent change of plans. 'I'll be two minutes,' I said, opening the door. She was standing, hands by her sides, every inch a sorry young lady. 'And when I get back I want to see your skirt up and your knickers down!' She stared at me as if to argue. Not waiting, I strode out into the corridor and locked the door behind me.

Up in the office, I watched her, as she ran her palms down her body, to the front of her skirt. She hesitated still, but then her fingers moved to ease it up to her waist. Turning the screen off, I locked the office once again and returned to the storeroom.

Julie crossed her hands in front of her skimpy red knickers as I

entered the room. Under the thin stretched fabric, I saw the dark outline of her neat triangle. 'Hands on your head, Julie.' I turned the chair round, positioning it at an angle to the camera. 'Now let's have you over my knee again, please.' This time, she slipped quite quickly and without argument, across my lap. I patted my hand across her round firm bottom and felt its bouncy resilience. 'I'm sure your mother didn't allow you to keep your knickers on.' I suggested, slipping two fingers beneath the elastic of her pants. 'Oh...no...please,' came the reply. Using just one hand, I pulled the tiny triangle of cotton down, inch by inch, revealing her bare bottom in all its glory, leaving the silly little pants turned inside-out around her knees. She lay there, quite passively, waiting to be smacked.

I smacked her. After the first smack, she gasped a little. I smacked her again on her other cheek, and she gasped again. A dozen smacks later, she was emitting little cries and yells as her curvy white bottom slowly turned a pretty shade of pink, deepening in colour with each impact of my hand. Another half dozen firm smacks, and young Julie was sobbing.

'Changed your mind about stealing, then?' She nodded. 'You don't seem very sure?' I commented, giving her bottom another slap. Between sobs, she assured me she would never steal again.

By chance, her shoulder-bag was lying on the floor quite close to my chair. Reaching down, my hand caught hold of one item carried by every aspiring young actress, her hairbrush. Nylon bristles set into plastic, and moulded to a hard smooth plastic back. A perfect instrument with which to teach this young lady a real lesson? She was still sobbing, lying face-down across my knee, unaware of the brush in my hand.

'In the next few minutes, Julie, you're going to learn your lesson. Then, the matter will be forgotten. I bent her tighter across my knee, putting my right leg over her legs to restrict her movement. She shuddered slightly as she felt the cold plastic against her very warm bottom.

'Six with your hairbrush on this cheek.' I told her, tapping one quivering cheek. 'Followed by six good hard smacks on this side.' I added, making the other

cheek quiver in sympathy. She began to cry again.

SMACK...SMACK...SMACK... SMACK...SMACK... SMACK...Six good hard smacks with the cold hard hairbrush, all on the same part of those lower curves of her buttock. Julie was squealing and sobbing, imploring and pleading... 'And now, to turn the other cheek, as it were...' I said, a little too cheerfully, perhaps.

SMACK...SMACK...SMACK... She nearly slipped right off my lap. I hauled her back into position, legs flailing most immodestly in all directions. SMACK...SMACK...She was waiting...The last one was perfect...SMACK!

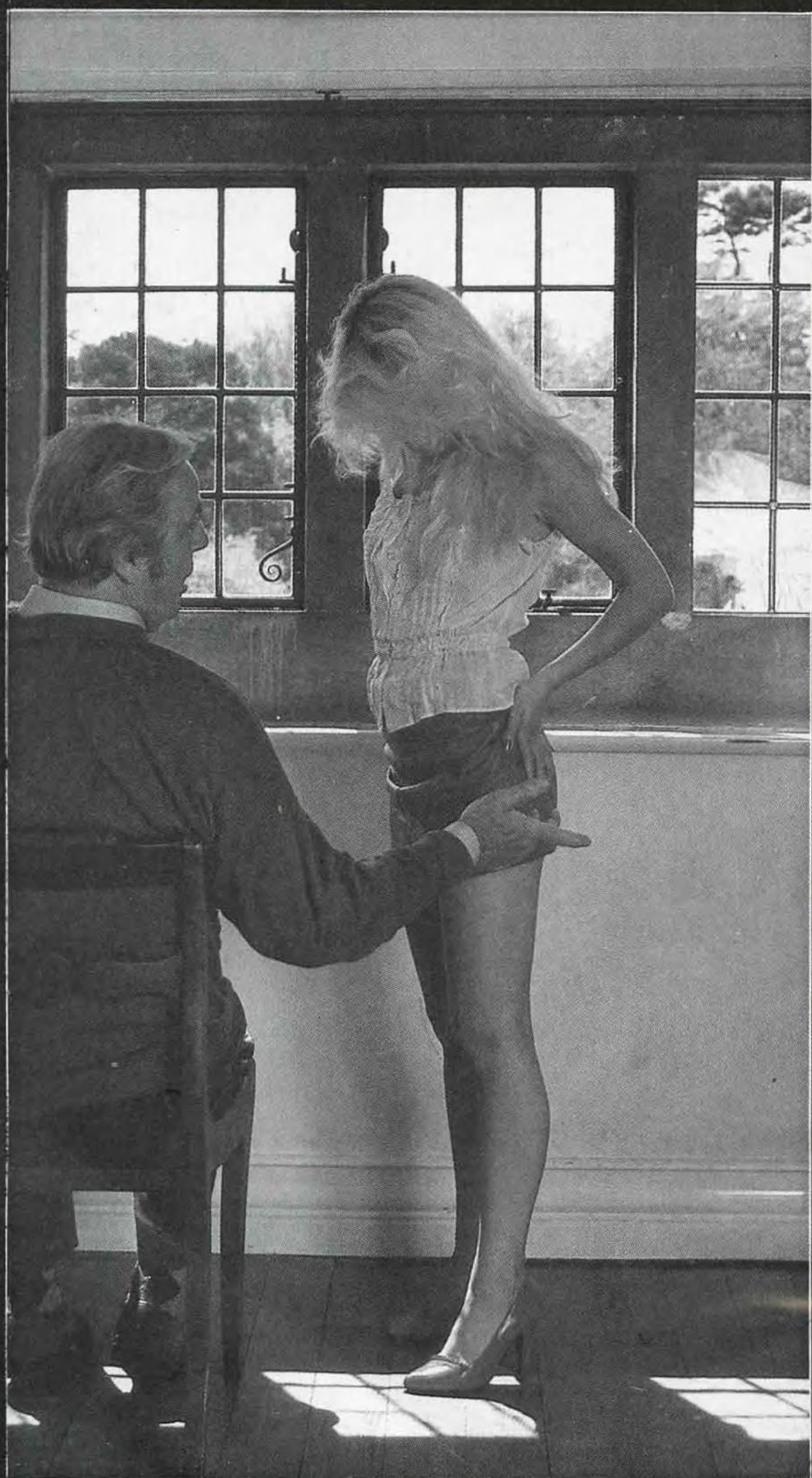
As I released my hold on her, she leapt to her feet, clutching her damaged bottom, anxiously attempting to massage away at least a little of the burning pain. Tears were still flowing in profusion down her pretty face. She almost tripped over her knickers as she danced a little war-dance across the floor. I watched as she entertained me, now oblivious of the fact she was naked from the waist down.

After ten minutes or so, she calmed down. 'You weren't meant to enjoy it,' I said, as she carefully eased her knickers up over her bottom. 'Can I go?' was all she said.

It was the following afternoon when I saw her again, waiting in the Green Room for her rehearsal call. Surprisingly, she smiled, a little shyly, as she caught sight of me.

'How are you,' I asked. 'Oh, I'm alright' she replied, 'though you didn't half tan me, didn't you?' We sat down together, conversing quietly. 'Yes. I needed it,' she admitted. 'And I'm no stranger to a well-tanned bottom. My mother makes sure of that. If she'd found out about my stealing, she'd have murdered me.' I was relieved. 'No hard feelings, then?' She smiled at me again, a little coyly, this time. 'That's a leading question' she said, enjoying the pun. 'I'm not doing rehearsals in costume, though, not with my bottom as it is!' I almost said sorry.

That night, as usual, there was little to interest me on television. I took a new cassette from my briefcase, and slotted it into the video. Julie was a star in the making, for certain, and if anyone was lucky enough to view the new film in my collection, they'd have offered her full marks for realism!



MORE LATER.



